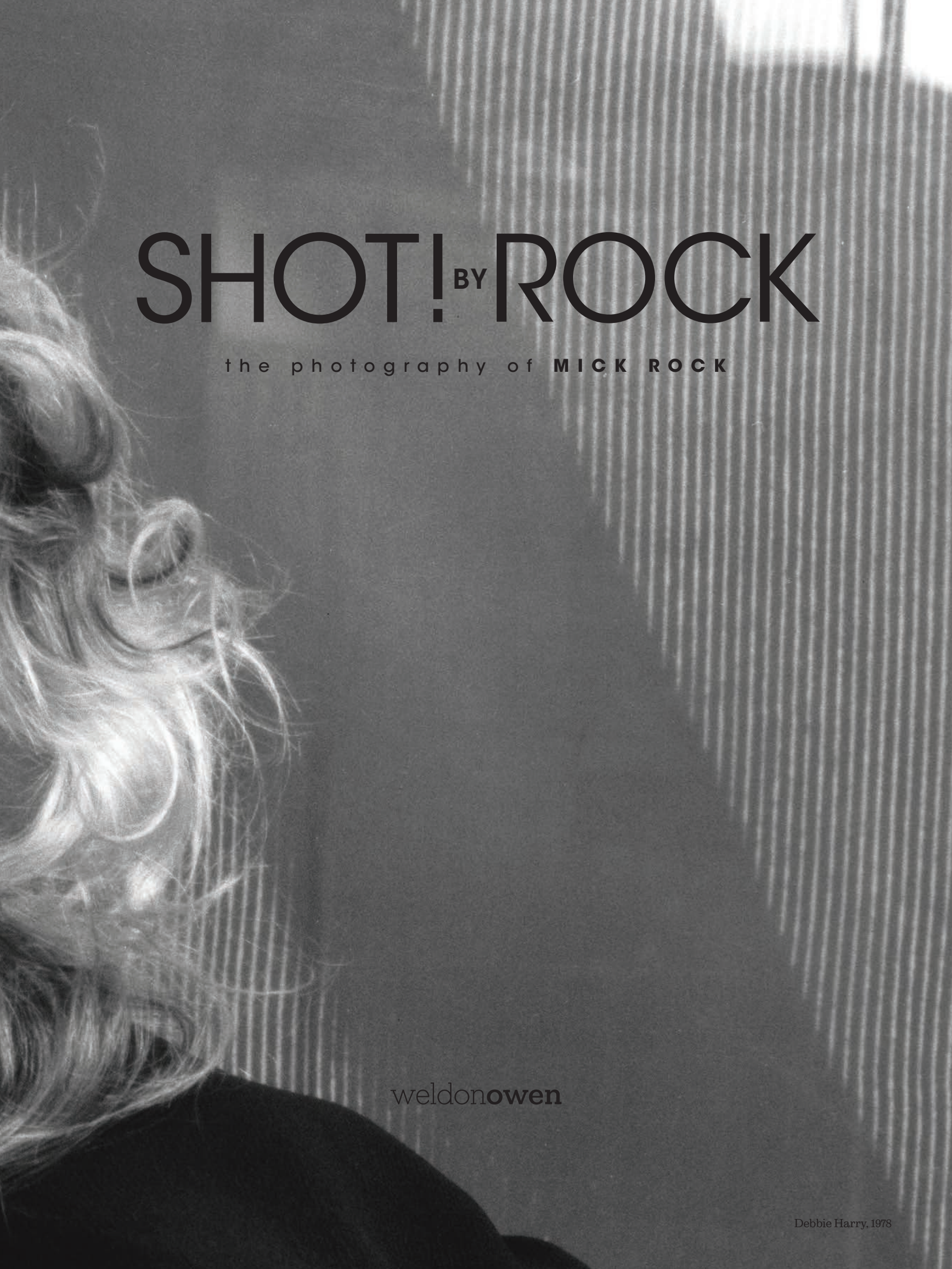
SHOT! BY ROCK

the photography of **MICK ROCK**

SHOT! BY ROCK

David Bowie, 2002



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weldonowen

Debbie Harry, 1978

CONTENTS

Foreword by Norman Reedus 8

Introduction 10

All the young dudes '68 – '79 14
Rock it 16
Rock on Syd 24
Rock on David 40
Rock on Lou 70
Rock on Iggy 92
Rock on Debbie 114
Rock on Rocky 122
Rock on Freddie 132

End of the century '80 – '99 150
Rocks off 152
Rock on Joan 156
Rock on the Crüe 162
Rock on Art 174
Rock on Naughties 188

Reincarnated '00 – '21 196
Rock on! 198
Rock on Fashion 208
Rock on Kate 224
Rock on Karen 234
Rock on Kabuki 254
Rock on Miley 264

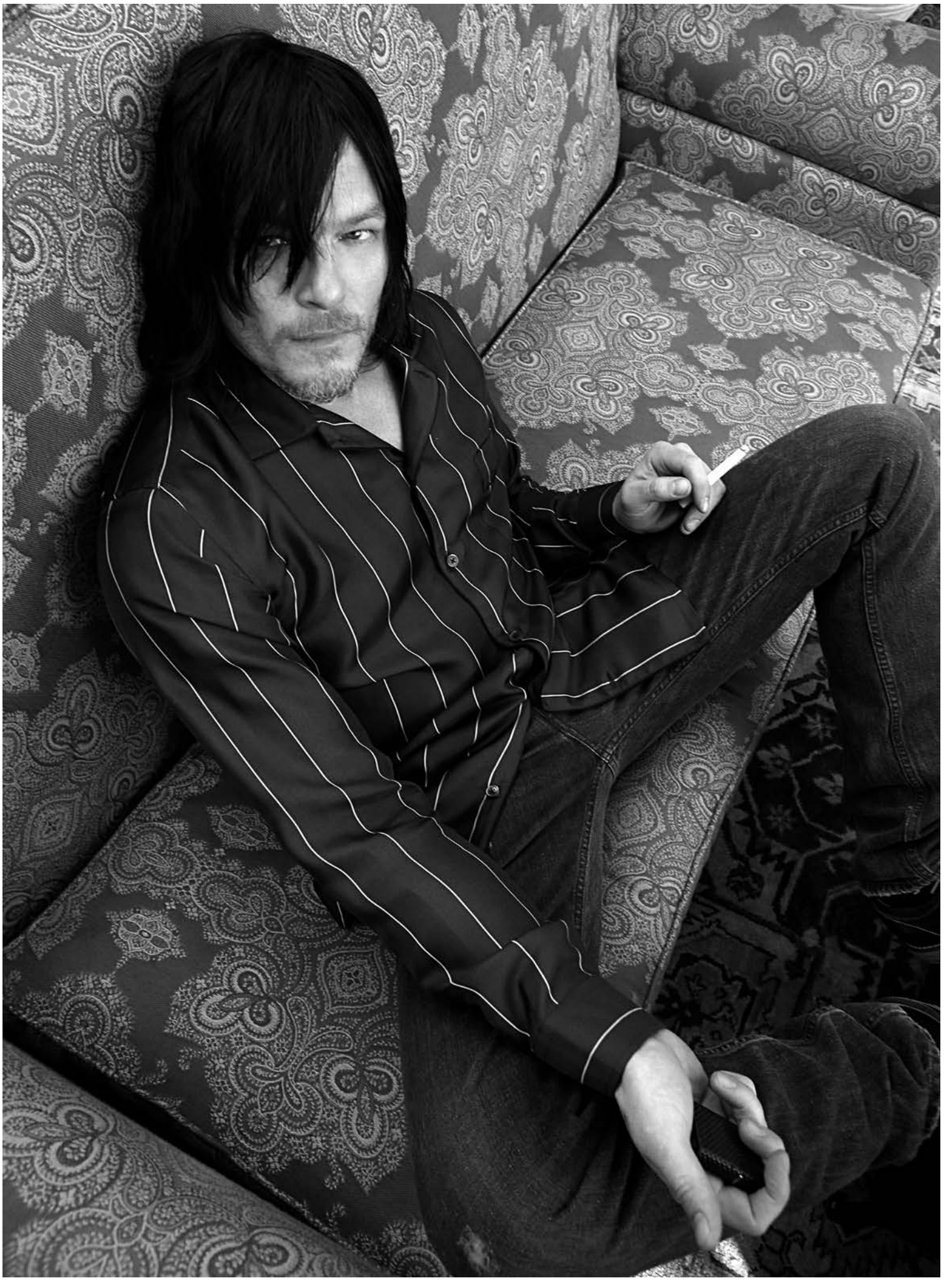
Acknowledgments 271
Index 271

Lou Reed, 1976

Foreword

by Norman Reedus

“ What can I say about Mick Rock? What can’t I say about Mick Rock? You can spot his photographs from a mile away—100% Mick. I have the pleasure of actually knowing Mick, he shines bright with freedom and authenticity, just like his pictures. Oh to be a fly on the wall of your life! Forever and ever ICONIC MICK ROCK! ”



> “ Back in those days, life was a continued photo session, hanging out. It was a different time. No internet. No cell phones. We were all young and out of our fucking minds. ”

Introduction

This is not a retrospective, not a biography, nor a catalogue of my “greatest hits,” nor is it an attempt to corral my huge archive of imagery. It is not a discretionary tale about the bohemian life of a postmodern artist.

It was inspired by the documentary of the same name, *SHOT!*, produced by Vice Documentary Films and Straight Up Films, which was intended to reflect my career in all of its eccentricities. Not just my rock ’n’ roll photography, which of course has paid my bills and burnished my reputation over the years. But also the sidebars, such as my photoart, my erotica, my Japanese kabuki theatre photos, my occasional fashion work, such as the Gucci campaign I shot a couple of years ago, and even a taste of my cocaine still lifes.

Barney Clay, the director of the doc, came up with the title SHOT. I remember how excited I was about it. It just needed one additional touch: I added the exclamation mark. *SHOT!* Perfect title.

My youthful “art” obsessions were poets and painters, like the French Symbolist poets Baudelaire, Rimbaud, and Nerval, the English Romantics, like Coleridge, Shelley, and Lord Byron, and the American Beats, like Ginsberg, Kerouac and Ferlinghetti. And visual artists such as Egon Schiele, Jean Delville, Gustave Moreau, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Salvador Dalí, and René Magritte.

It’s hard to know where to begin, though, to paraphrase the inimitable Lewis Carroll, a certain quote kept on flitting through my mind from Alice in Wonderland during the filming of the doc: The time has come, the Walrus said, to talk of many things... of LSD and Kundalini Yoga, of altered states and rock ’n’ roll and many other things...

It started when I was at Cambridge University in the late ’60s. Rock ’n’ roll had seeped into my psyche, like it had for so many other people in my generation. Then there was the name. My mother always insisted on calling me Michael, but all my friends called me Mick. I had no particular interest in photography. But my imagination was stirred by surrealism and symbolism, and the crazed poets and their lifestyles, which seemed to include lots of sex and the imbibing of illegal chemicals. I was certainly a child of my times. And I was poised for a leap into the psychedelic abyss.

And so, one balmy (or should I say “barmy”) afternoon in a friend’s room, I took some “blotter” acid. That changed everything.

My friend came from a well-funded family, and he had all the toys, including what was for the times a great record player. He also had a camera. Which he never used. I believe it was a Pentax. At the height of the lunacy, I picked up the camera and started to point and click. Especially in the direction of a particularly attractive young lady who was in attendance. Every time I clicked, I also took a deep breath: She changed physically from very young to very old, very big to very small. She changed colors, from blue to pink. It got me very excited as my brain slithered from the past to the future, from the gutter to a palace. From paranoia to bliss. From a spaceship to a dungeon.

Prior to this first trip, I had produced nothing of any creative value. But my friend offered to loan me his camera, and I became fascinated by everything. I was very open and, in many ways, very naïve. The camera had given me access to this other magical world, and I loved it. Not that I saw photography as a means of making a living.

I had not studied photography nor the work of other photographers. None of my heroes were photographers, so I was not influenced by any prior imagery. I simply followed my intuition. Mostly I shot friends.

I remember the day a friend told me about a band that needed some publicity photos. They were not signed to a record label, and they had just five English pounds as their budget. That stirred me. So it was possible to make money from photography!! I had not considered that.

I had found a way, albeit inadvertently and modestly, to placate my parents' concerns about how I could make a living, at least temporarily, because very few photographers at that time actually did make a living. The media was very primitive in the early '70s. Not the all-pervasive beast that it is today in our digital age.

In the meantime, I had become friends with Syd Barrett, who had a band called Pink Floyd. I had seen him play at the Xmas party of the local Cambridge Art College and was totally blown away by his performance. He was the real deal in any parlance, a total artist. And he was a beautiful man physically. And obviously his sexual allure and the way he dressed was very attractive to both females and males. He seemed to reflect both surrealist and symbolist obsessions. He certainly seemed to have everything.

The prevalent hippie philosophy of the times produced a unique atmosphere which embraced all manner of artists, musicians, filmmakers, models, designers, models, actors, writers, and even photographers! My timing was excellent. Curiosity and circumstance drew me deeper into the belly of rock 'n' roll. My camera gained access to an endless stream of innovative artists. They provided resonant images to feed my enthusiasm and my lens. I thrived on my power to frame and define the subjects that graced my camera. Many years later I realized that they had framed me. They gave me an identity. Not one that I was looking for, but one that gave me entreé to all manner of exciting situations.

In the early days, I would often do interviews to accompany my photos. Certainly with the likes of Bowie, Lou Reed, Iggy, Freddie Mercury, Syd Barrett, etc. So my interest was not simply with their physical and artistic allure, but also with their larger thoughts on the culture we were living in. After a while, however, it became clear to me that my photos spoke much louder than my words. And in truth, I no longer had time to hang and verbally interchange with my subjects, I was too much in demand for my image-making abilities.

Throughout the '70s and '80s, I built a big archive of imagery, not just of rock 'n' rollers and musicians, but also experimentations with my photos to produce photoart, as well as the drug photos and alternate imagery that made me money.

When my first book came out in 1995, I was broke. I owned nothing. I couldn't get any credit. I had messed that up years earlier. And the cocaine and nicotine held me in their thrall. My reputation as a professional was in tatters. And I was trapped in the mantle of being "The Man Who Shot The Seventies." I could still take memorable images; the problem was finding me and getting the photos after the session.

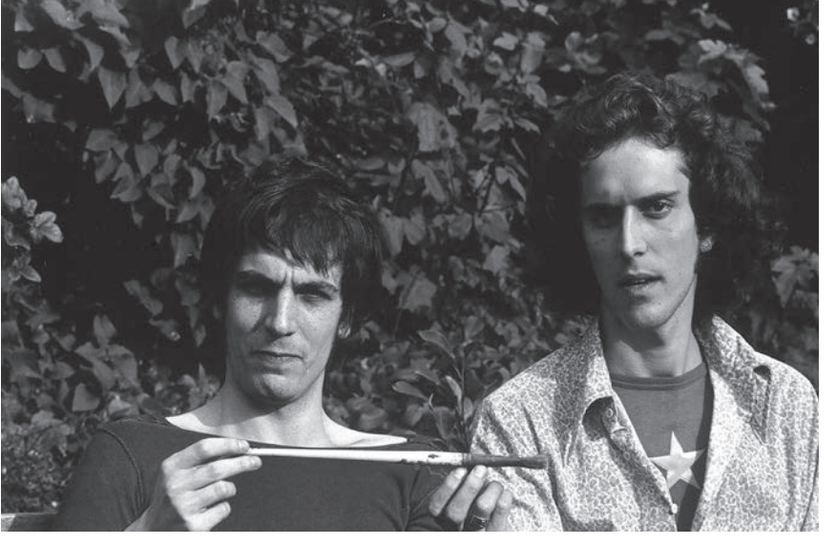
A year later the guillotine finally fell when I had a series of heart attacks and quadruple bypass surgery. I remember lying on the hospital bed and thinking "So this is where it was all leading to." I certainly had not foreseen it, although it turned out to be a path that was easy to imagine for anyone who knew me. And I had no health insurance! I always thought that I could fly back to London and have it taken care of if I got seriously sick. In reality, of course, there was no way anyone would allow me to get on a plane. If it hadn't been for the generosity of two friends who paid all of my hospital bills, I have no idea what would have happened. Andrew and Allen, I am forever in your debt, not only materially, but also psychically and spiritually.

I did remember a quote from William Burroughs: "The first and most important thing an individual can do is to become an individual again, decontrol himself, train himself as to what is going on and win back as much independent ground for himself as possible." Mr. Burroughs was a very wise man.

A while after I got out of hospital after my surgery, I wrote: "For many years, I desperately tried to escape the shadows of the past; I wanted to bury the insanity of the seventies and become another person. Recently I came to realize that only by embracing those early exposures could I finally escape back to the present."

I love the camera and its magical reflections. In many ways I love it more than ever. Maybe because I so nearly completely lost it. I love the access it gives me to an endless stream of imagery. I love the whole process involved in a session, gathering the elements, stirring the intensity of the juices, finding the focus, building the electromagnetic energy, bathing in all of the possibilities of each unique circumstance. It sparks my batteries like nothing else. A transformation happens inside of me. I become one with the magic garden of the lens. I become the other, a maker of images and all kinds of delicious possibilities open up before me. It's extremely therapeutic.

It's not a path I would have consciously chosen. In reality, I feel it chose me. And the possibilities of this path still excite me.



All the young dudes '68–'79

“ Forever searching and seeing. In the 1970s I found myself with a camera in my hand and my eyes wide open. I was ready to take a trip with music—those rock and rollers so like the poets I was so enamoured with, the visionaries who swallowed up all the love and poison in the world to create something wondrous. I didn’t really have a plan at all. Just ask my mum. She certainly did. But it wasn’t serendipity. It was meant to be. I wanted to be unpredictable, to push and pull, to experience it all, until the shots captured everything we felt and experienced.

Rock it

I tried things out and messed around. The total charisma of my subjects was amazing. Yes, I got better with the technical side of things (learning to put film in the camera, for a start), but I could see that the empathy and energy I established made it all so special. I fed off it all, and I wanted to share my muses. I saw rockers as artists and poets, charging away, upsetting people, having fun, and with me along as one of them. I love that people now look at that era through my eyes.

My grandma always used to call me a blue-arsed fly. She said I couldn’t sit still. So, photography was perfect for the blue-arsed fly in me. Here we go. ”

Little dude in 1972, in an adventure park near King's Cross, London, playing a killer riff on a cardboard guitar made from a cauliflower box. Intended for Mott the Hoople but not used. Cheesed off? Nah.

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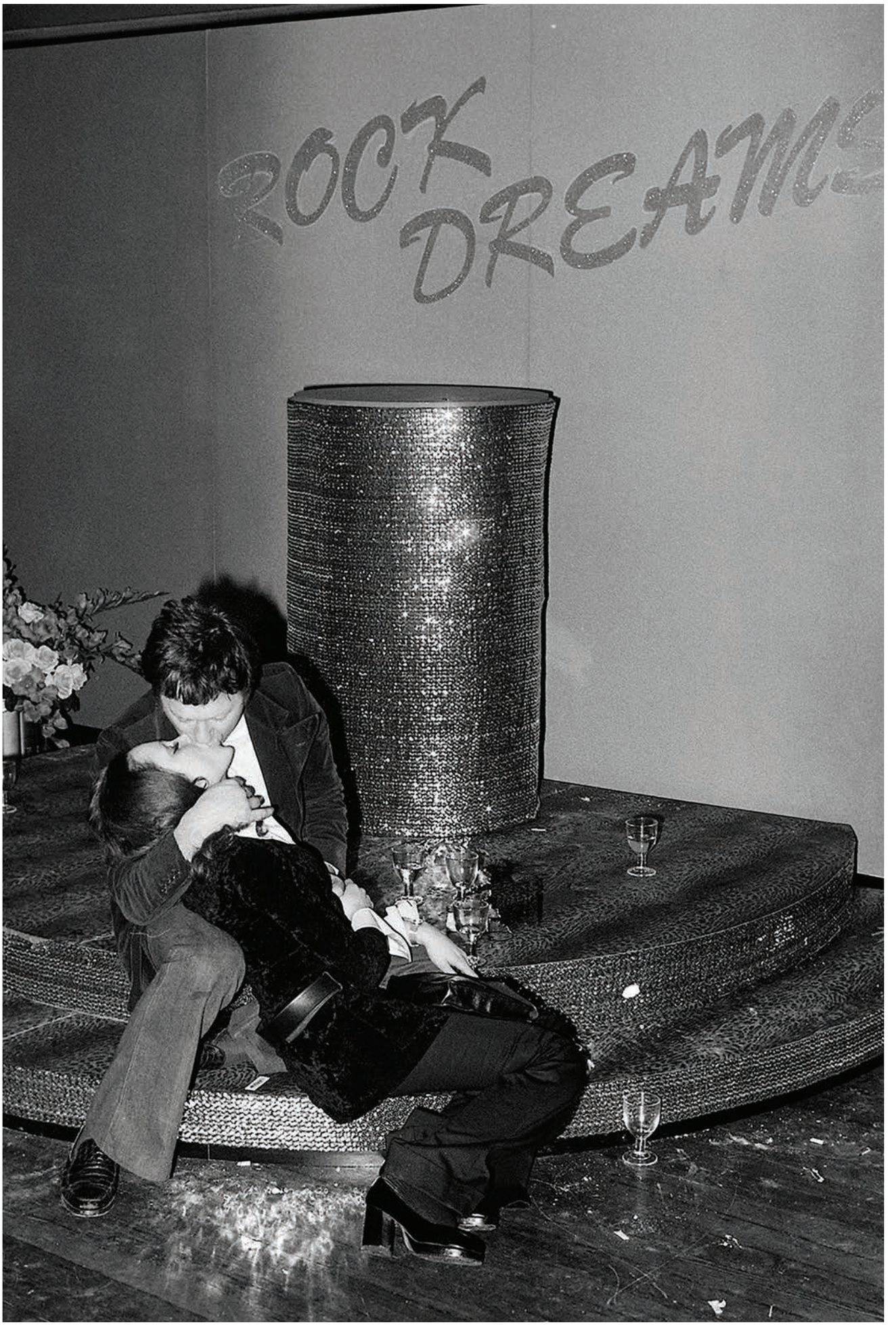
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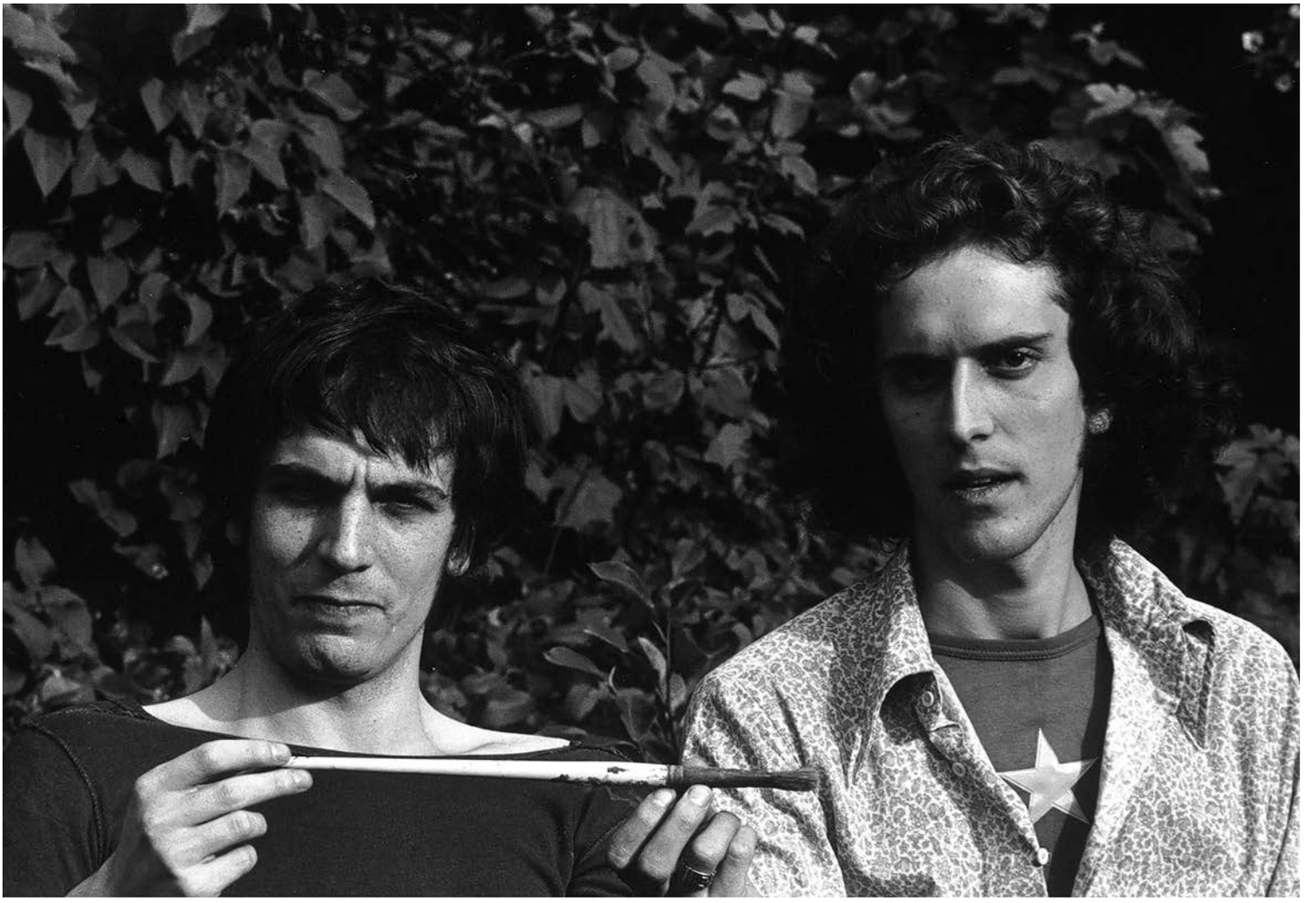
DREAMS



(20-21) The agony, the ecstasy. Rock 'n' roll has died a million deaths and still keeps going. (Left) Rock dreams and the last kiss. Taken at Biba at a launch for Nick Cohn and Guy Peellaert's book. The party was basically over when I caught this one. But the party is never really over—save the last dance for me. (Above) Syd and me, 1971, the garden sessions. Syd had his first acid trip in a mate's garden. Why the paintbrush? Because he was an artist.

“ A very irregular head. I used those words in Syd’s last public interview he did, in 1971. We were always very comfortable together. I have to remind myself sometimes how young we all were, while living in a very accelerated kind of time, not just for me but for Syd and the people we hung around with. He’d left Pink Floyd, a huge change from playing the same songs in the same way every night.

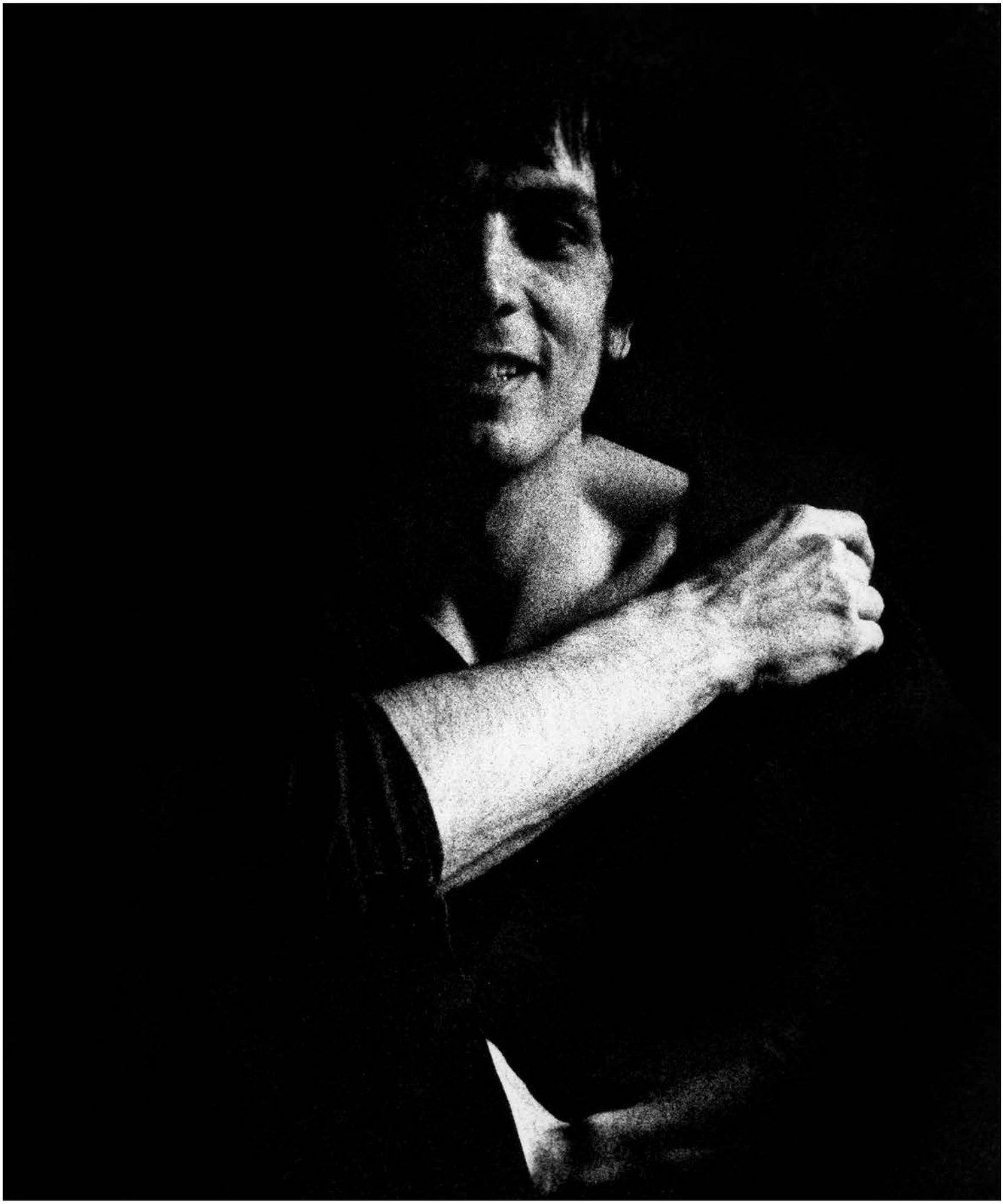
It gave him a chance to relax and be more playful, to think like the abstract painter he was, really. I went round to his flat at Wetherby Mansions in 1969 to shoot

Rock on Syd

his album cover for *The Madcap Laughs*. It was magic—no furniture but a mattress and a record player, no props unless you count his girlfriend. Syd loved the pictures of him sitting alone on the mattress. They were personal and intimate, and I don’t think anyone else could have taken them. The amazing thing about Syd is that he never goes away. My very first conversations with Bowie were about Syd. He was so obsessed with his total Englishness, the way he sang like he spoke. Syd certainly had a huge influence on all the British rock and rollers who followed, so it’s right that he’s here in the beginning. ”

(26-27) Earl's Court, 1969. Syd swapped his Mini for this massive American Pontiac car. He couldn't drive it, but he rocked it. (Left) At home in 1970. Syd was the hippest thing out there—rolled out of bed, shook his hair, slapped on a little kohl, and done.

Syd in 1969—the perfection of the amazing, burnt-out rock and roller. Better than he ever looked in Pink Floyd. His sister called this his "rascally smirk."

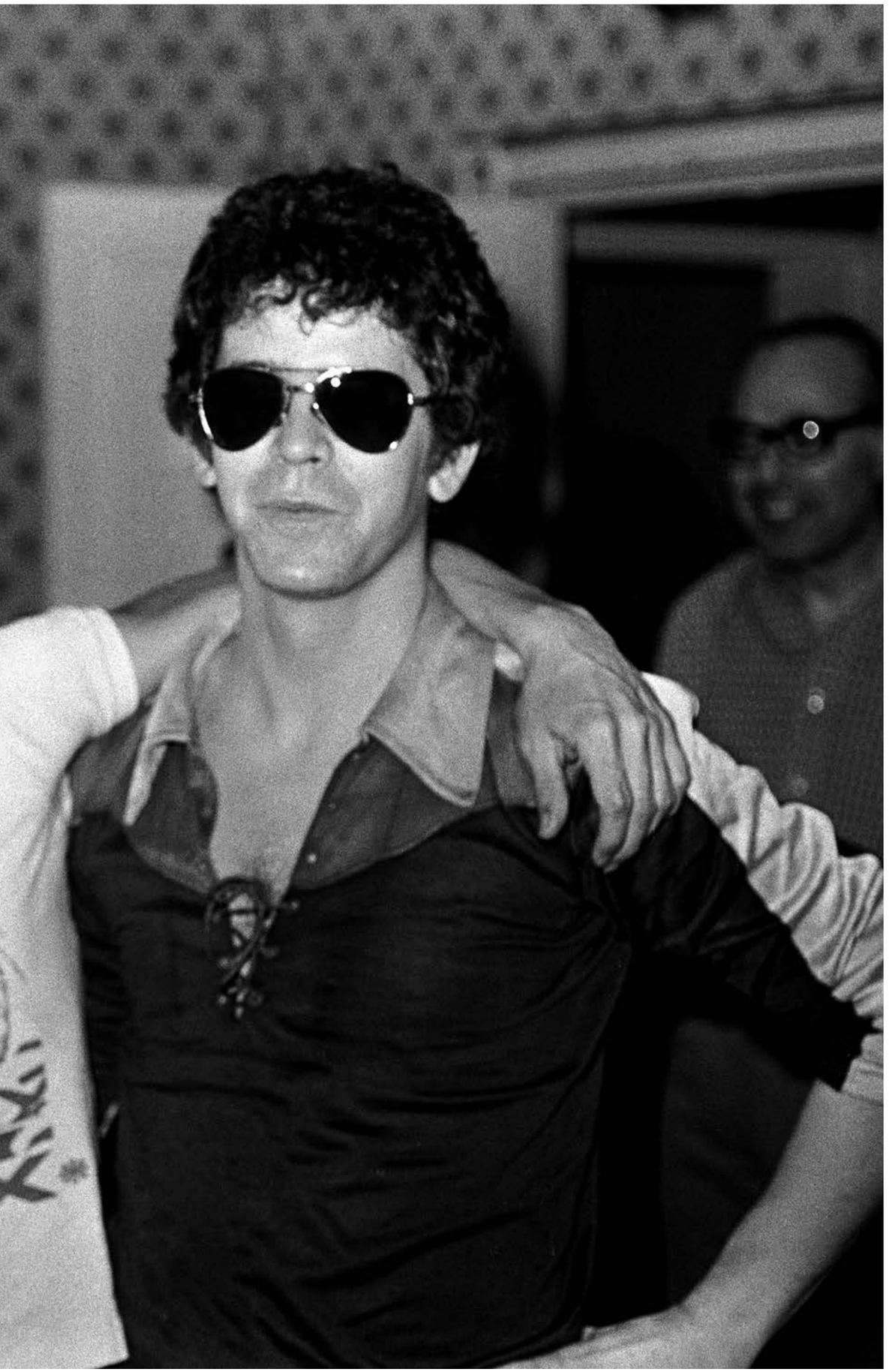


1971. Syd had retired to Cambridge and was living in his mum's house.
(32-33) Cover shoot for *The Madcap Laughs*. Purple and orange floor stripes by Syd. What was on the record player? Probably some jazz.

Still makes me smile—Steve Harley and Cockney Rebel, album shoot in 1974.

I did three of Rory Gallagher's album covers. He was a demon live. One of the first gigs I ever shot, too.

Peter Gabriel is a definite eccentric and a very cool public school boy. (Above) He said this 1973 studio shot was one of his favourite pictures of himself ever taken. I had a small apartment in King's Cross where this was shot. Peter was very game. Unforgettable. (Right) In performance with Genesis in 1974 he was amazing. Blossom.



The core three characters I hung out with, the Unholy Trinity: David, Iggy, and Lou, at the Dorchester Hotel, London, in 1972. People talk about trying to "shock" now, but back in those days it was so real. We were all supposed to be edgy. Now we're in museums. These characters had the strongest influence on my creative sensibility.

“A true friend, a hero, and someone you couldn’t take a bad photograph of, even if you tried. And why try? David Bowie and I were London boys, west and south. But we bonded artistically and personally until we were almost joined at the hip. He joked about Mick Rock being my real name—this from David Jones.

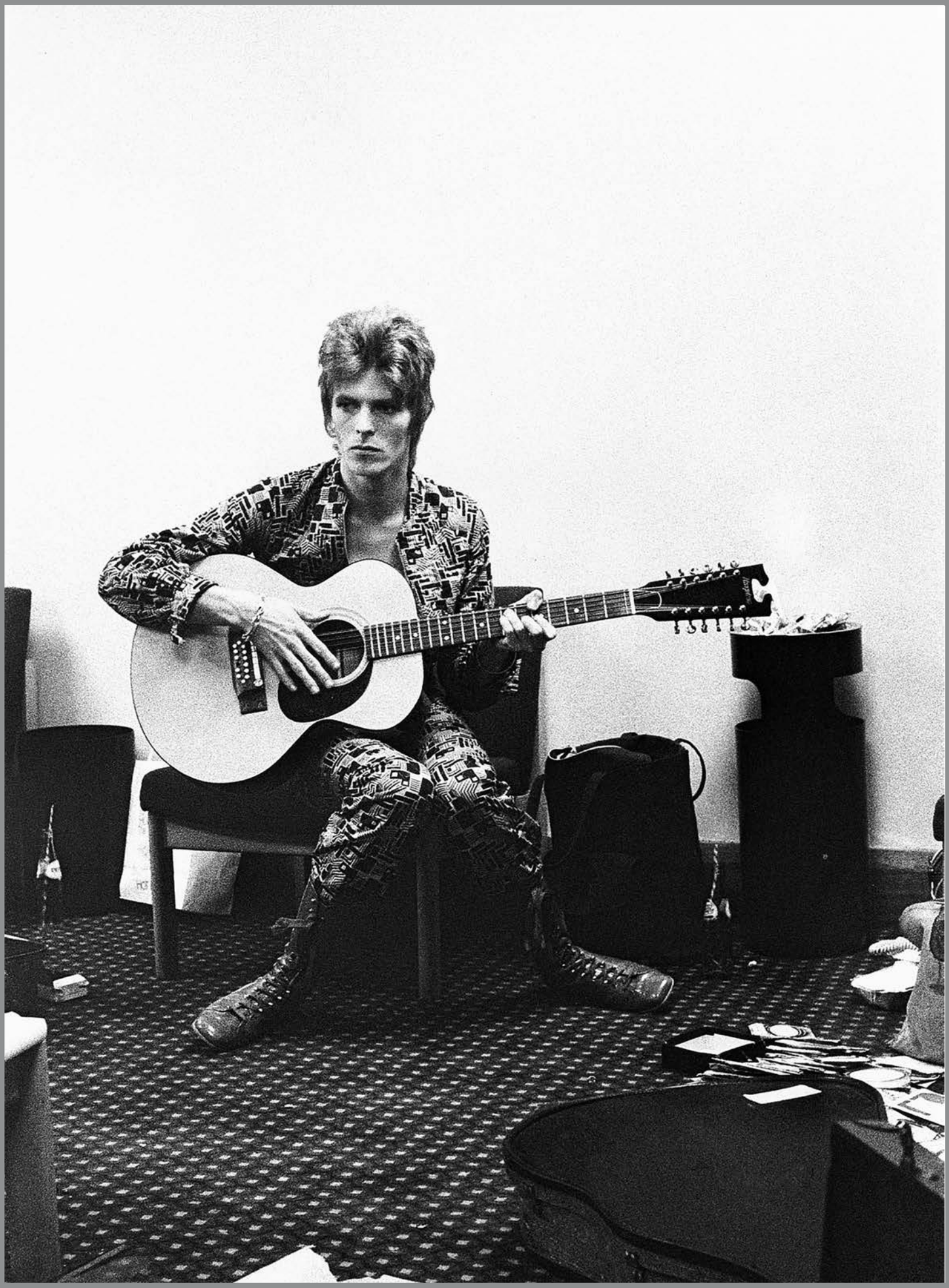
Bowie didn’t exactly emerge as a rock god. David figured out that he had to create something amazing to hit the stratosphere. I took the pictures, but he understood—perhaps more than anyone—their impact. Together, we used photographs to establish an image,

Rock on David

to capture both the otherworldly and the ordinary. He knew he couldn’t get there through music alone.

David was a finder and collector. If something took his fancy, he’d incorporate it. He fed off everything. There weren’t many people around at the beginning of Ziggy Stardust. But within a few months, he was all over the place. Everything totally new, all cutting edge. He said I captured him like he saw himself. Bless.

Through it all, he trusted me. I had an Access All Areas pass, on and off stage. David was an experiment. He reinvented himself over and over again, and I got as close to all the Bowies as anyone.”



(42-43) David pensive in pink, Haddon Hall, Beckenham, London, March 1972. David and Angie lived here in this sprawling but shabby house with various Spiders. (Right) David praying by the window, Ziggy Stardust tour, Aberdeen, Scotland, summer of 1973.

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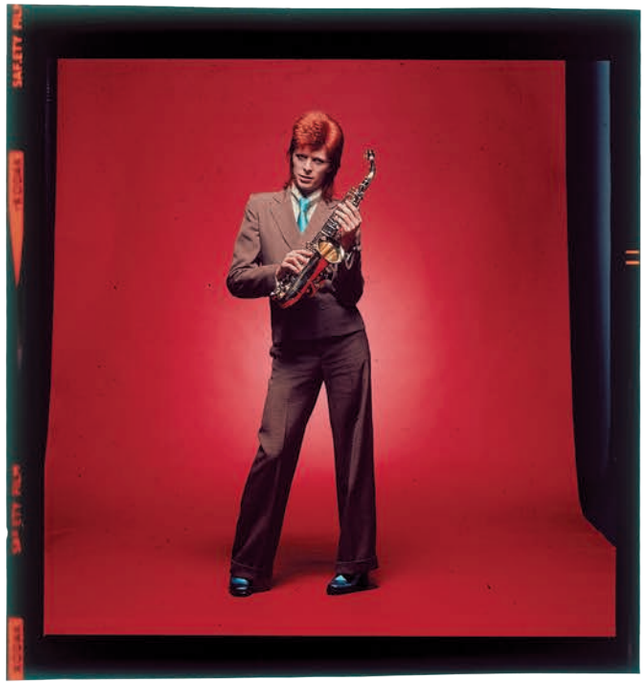
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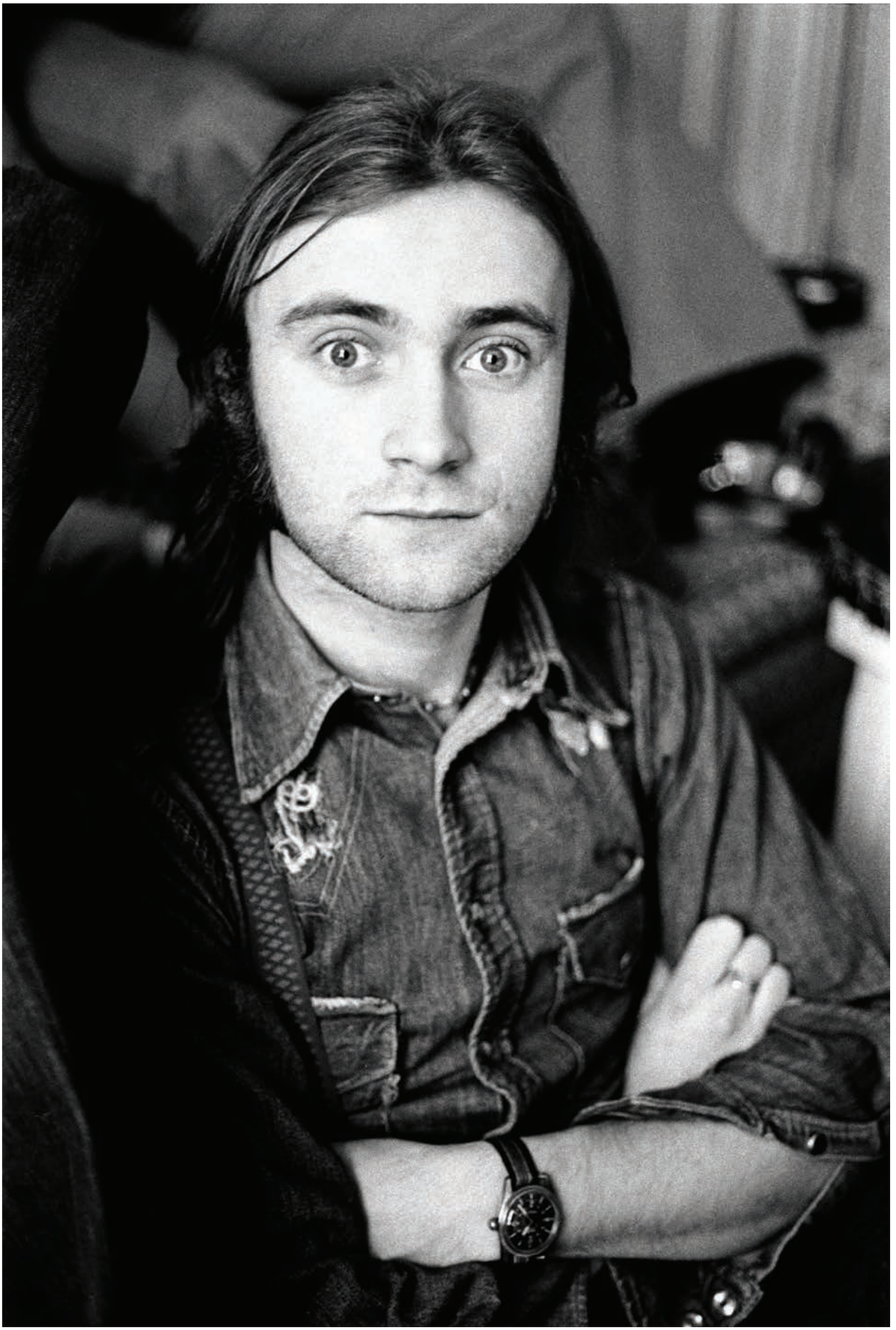
(46-47) Sax god, 1973. (Left) On the *Life on Mars* video set, 1973. (Right) Dame on Queen.
Cheeky cushion cuddle aboard the QE2, 1972. David had a fear of flying.
So he toured the world via ships, trains, buses, and cars. And charisma.

wem

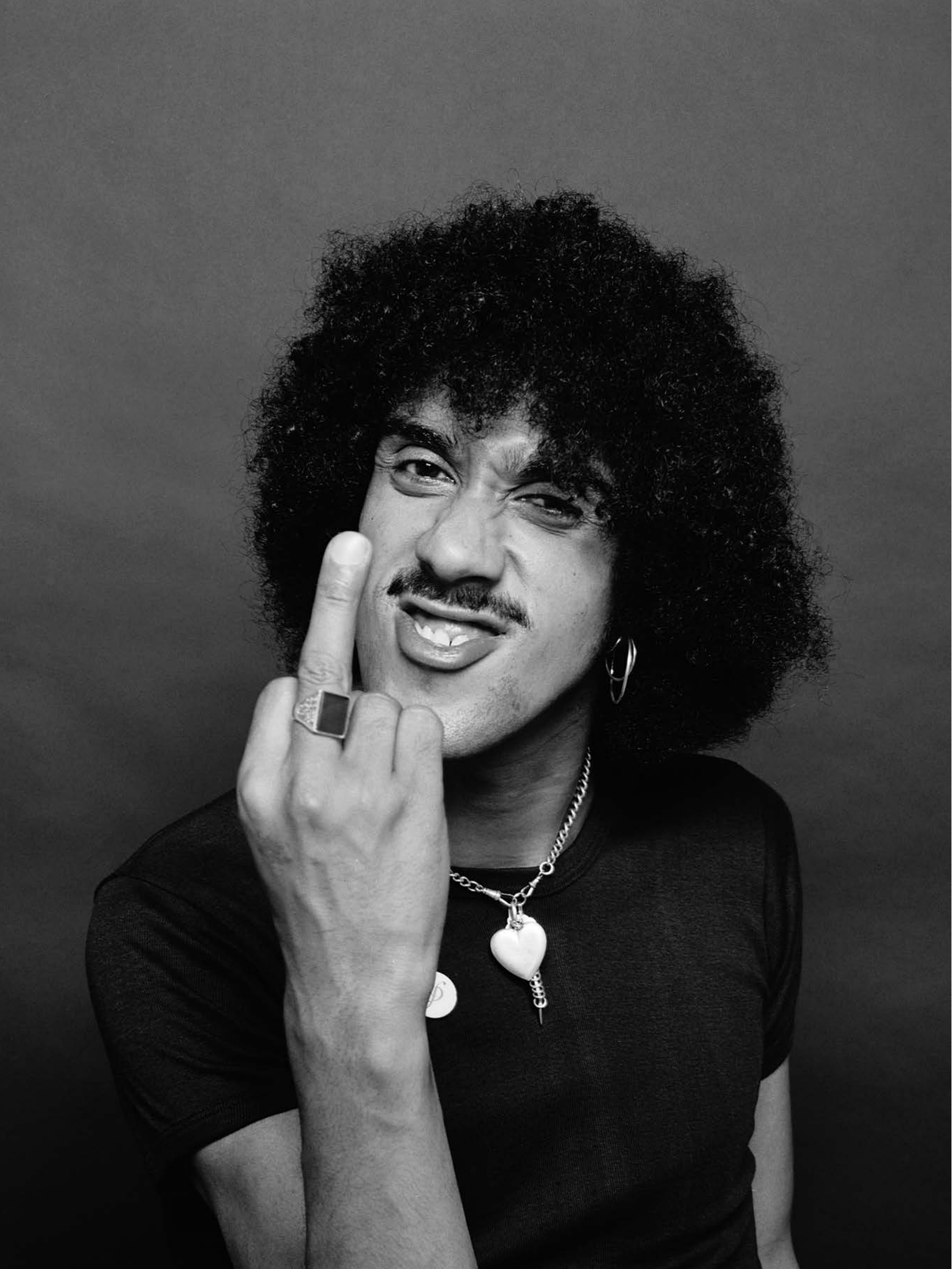
(50-51) Either him or the wallpaper had to go, 1972. (Left) Taking a bite out of Mick Ronson, 1972. Guitar fellatio in the loud, hot mess of glam. Mick went from becoming the best guitarist in Hull to Bowie's right-hand man. (Above) The return of the Thin White Duke, Empire Pool, London, 1976.

I hadn't done a studio session with David for years, but we got together in New York in 2002. It was the last time I shot him. A bit of inspiration for the scarf shot was Irving Penn's 1985 portrait of Picasso. With Picasso's mouth covered, you could only see his twinkling eye. David was a bit like Picasso, only much better looking. And who else has amazing eyes just because of a simple fight over a girl?

(56-57) Scrummy British Rail lunch on the train to Aberdeen in 1973, on the way to the first gig of the last Ziggy tour. Mmm, peas and bread rolls! (This page) Mick—snow-white tan, the special man, he made Ziggy's band, etc.



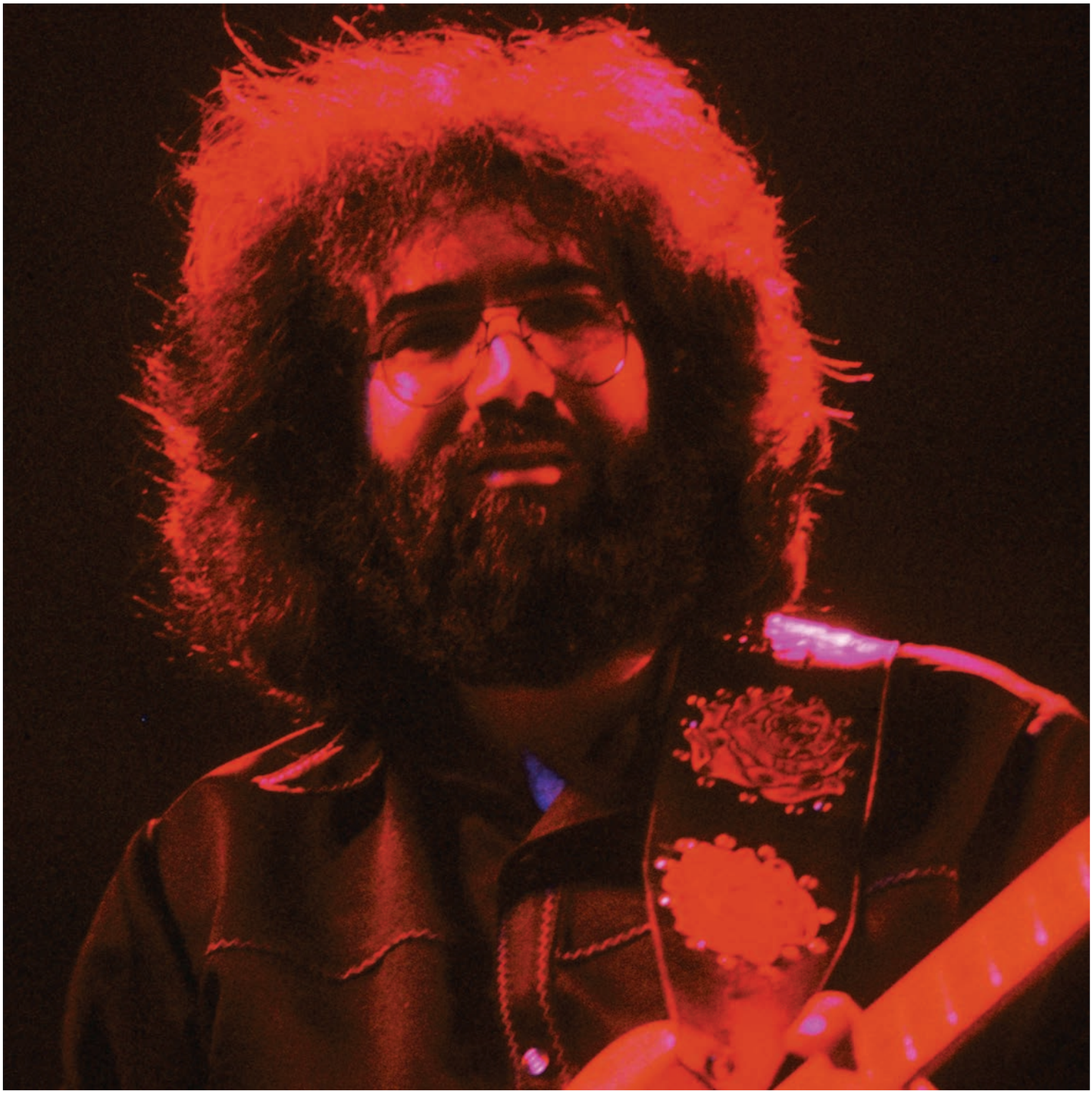
(Left) Ian Hunter of Mott the Hoople still does what he wants to do—and that's what life is supposed to be. (Above) A wide-eyed Phil Collins at face value in 1974. Part of a group shot for a magazine in London. This was about a year before he replaced Peter Gabriel as the lead singer of Genesis.



(Left) Phil Lynott of Thin Lizzy and the finger. He was amazing—like Hendrix with longer legs. (Above) The boys, back in town. I'm a photographer, and he's a gift. Phil was very charming, especially around the girls. Not only musical chops; he had everything. Just didn't get himself redeemed. He got too far in.

(Above) Rock stars in their underpants. Brian Johnson, later of AC/DC, in 1973. (Right) Ozzy in 1974. Tattoo may have helped him remember his name. A very pretty picture. Not glam, or punk. It's a whole other animal. He looks like a poet. I can make anyone look like a poet.

The Godmother of Soul, Patti LaBelle (above) used a broomstick to fake a microphone as a kid back in Philadelphia. Thankfully she upgraded. What a voice, what a force. London, 1975. (Right) Tina Turner. The other Mick (Jagger) loved how she danced. Me, too.



Jerry Garcia London, 1972. Shot at the Empire Pool, Wembley. This was opening night of the Grateful Dead's first tour outside of the US. I was late for the show and had to be snuck in through the artists' entrance by one of the promoters I knew. He got me a great view! This is one of several very cool close-ups I was able to capture of Jerry.

This pic was taken in 1979 for Fotomaker's *Transfer Station* album cover. The pride of Long Island.

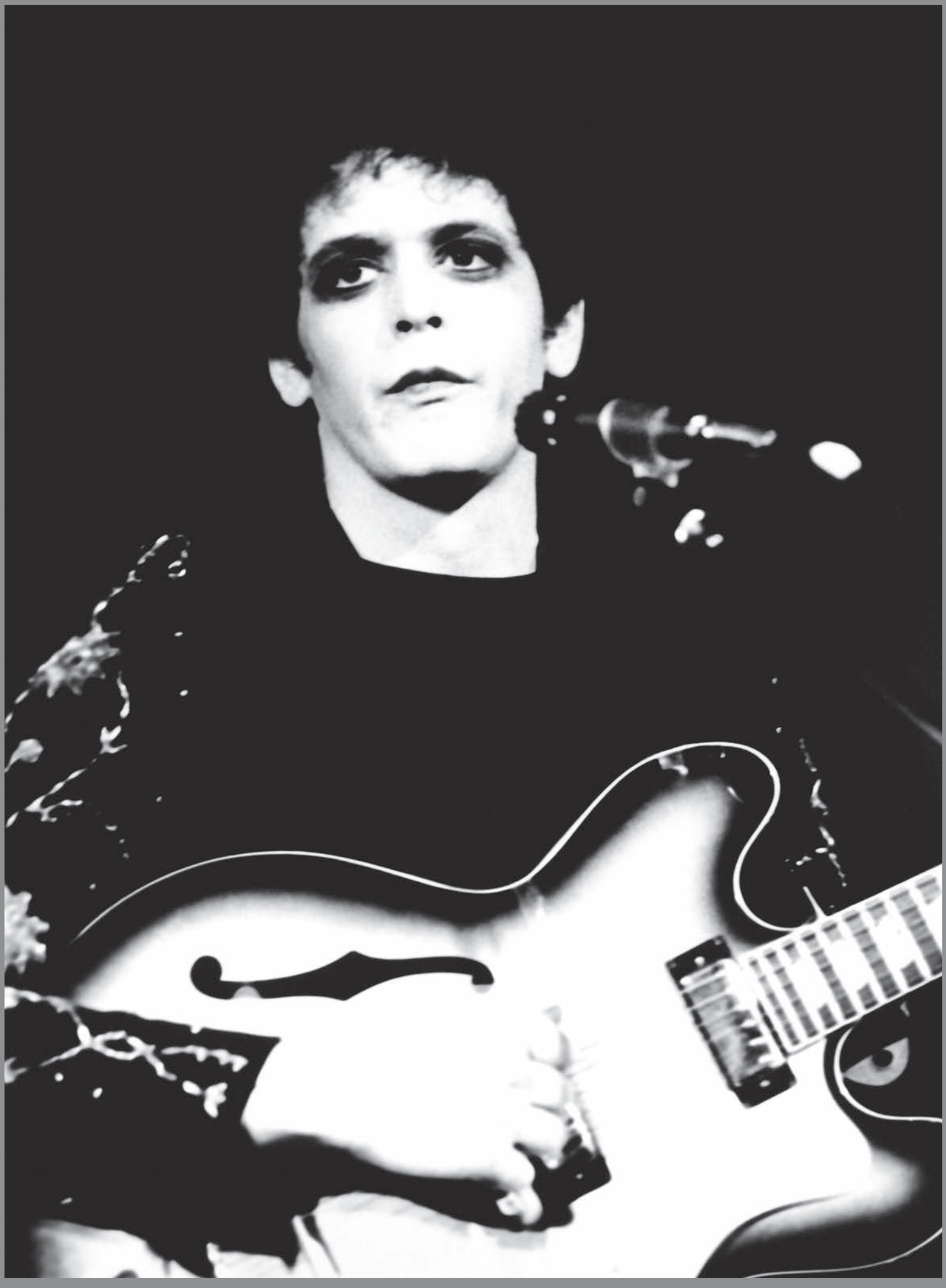
“ Lou and I got on from the first. Bowie introduced us. Rebellion was part of his image, but it was real. Photographing Lou, I responded to what was right in front of me. He had an edge, and it was endlessly fascinating to watch. You wouldn’t wonder why we got along—he understood how the visual and the musical had to work together.

In July 1972, I was the only photographer at his London debut, at the King’s Cross Cinema down Pentonville Road. (It’s now the Scala.) That shot, frozen forever, became the cover image of *Transformer*. Look at Lou,

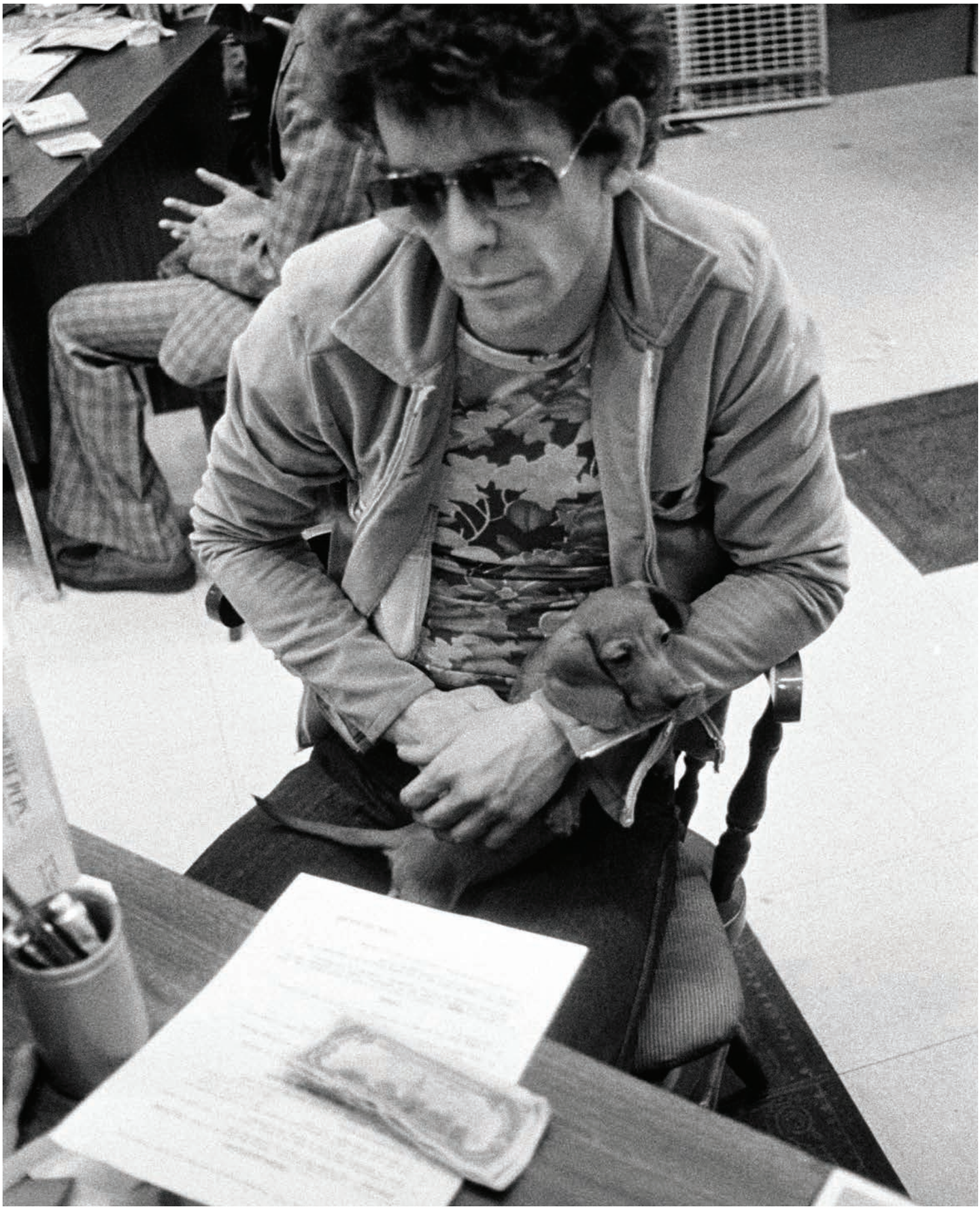
Rock on Lou

daring you to listen. Pale white face, darkened eyes, and a lipsticked mouth telling you all about his dark side, the demons, the thrilling highs and the sunken lows. The needle on the vinyl or the needle in the arm—intoxicating, unflinching, and pure-grade Lou. You wouldn’t think this was a live shot.

A journalist once asked Lou if I chronicled him, or enhanced his image. He didn’t have a quick answer, even though his mind was as razor-sharp as ever. I just captured the moments that were already there—but then again, Lou said I was really a guitar player with a camera, and that’s good enough for me. ”



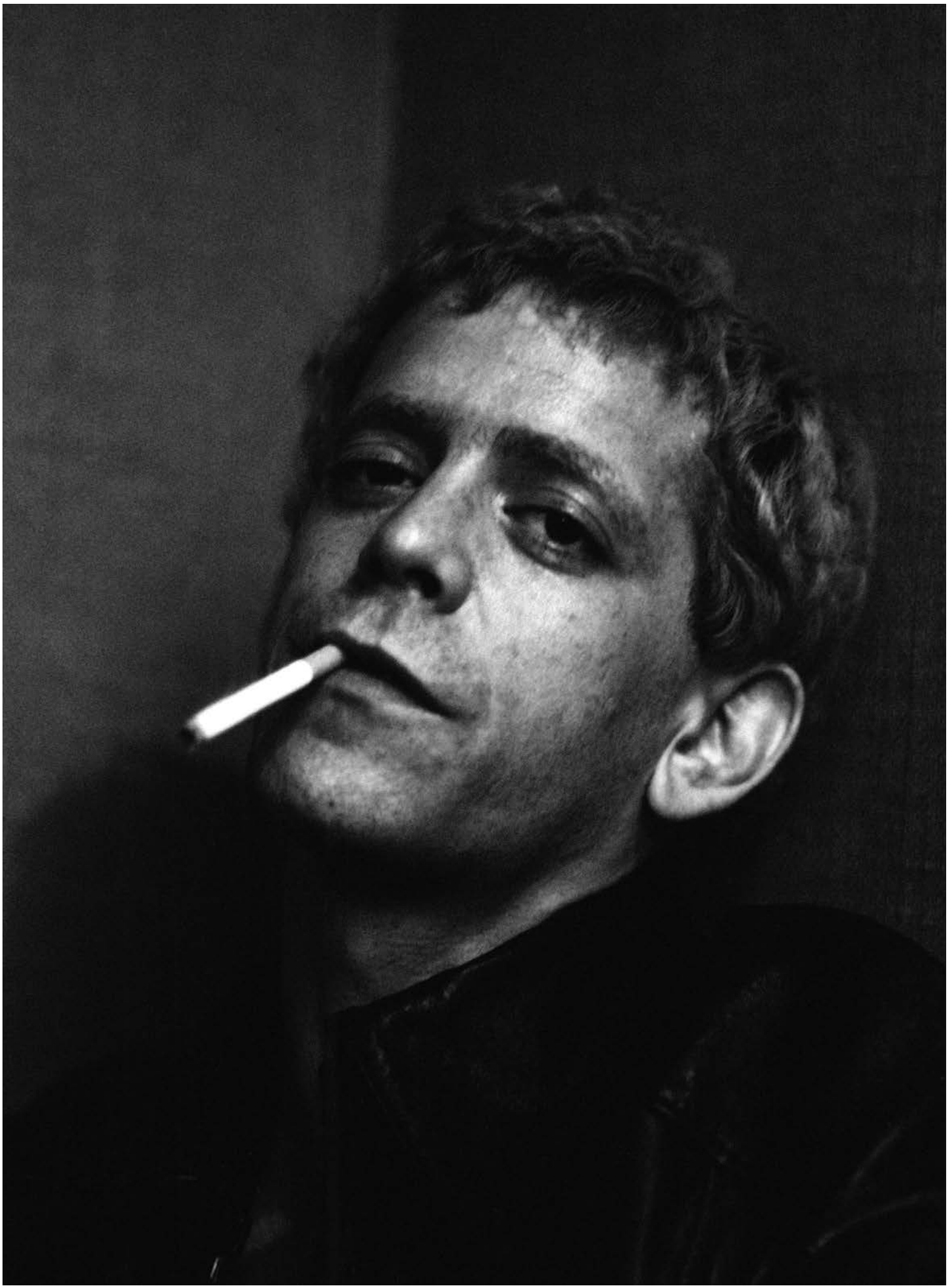
Lou and John Cale in 1975. Lou used to say there were 50,000 junkies in New York who deserved a song, and the Velvet Underground gave them "Heroin."

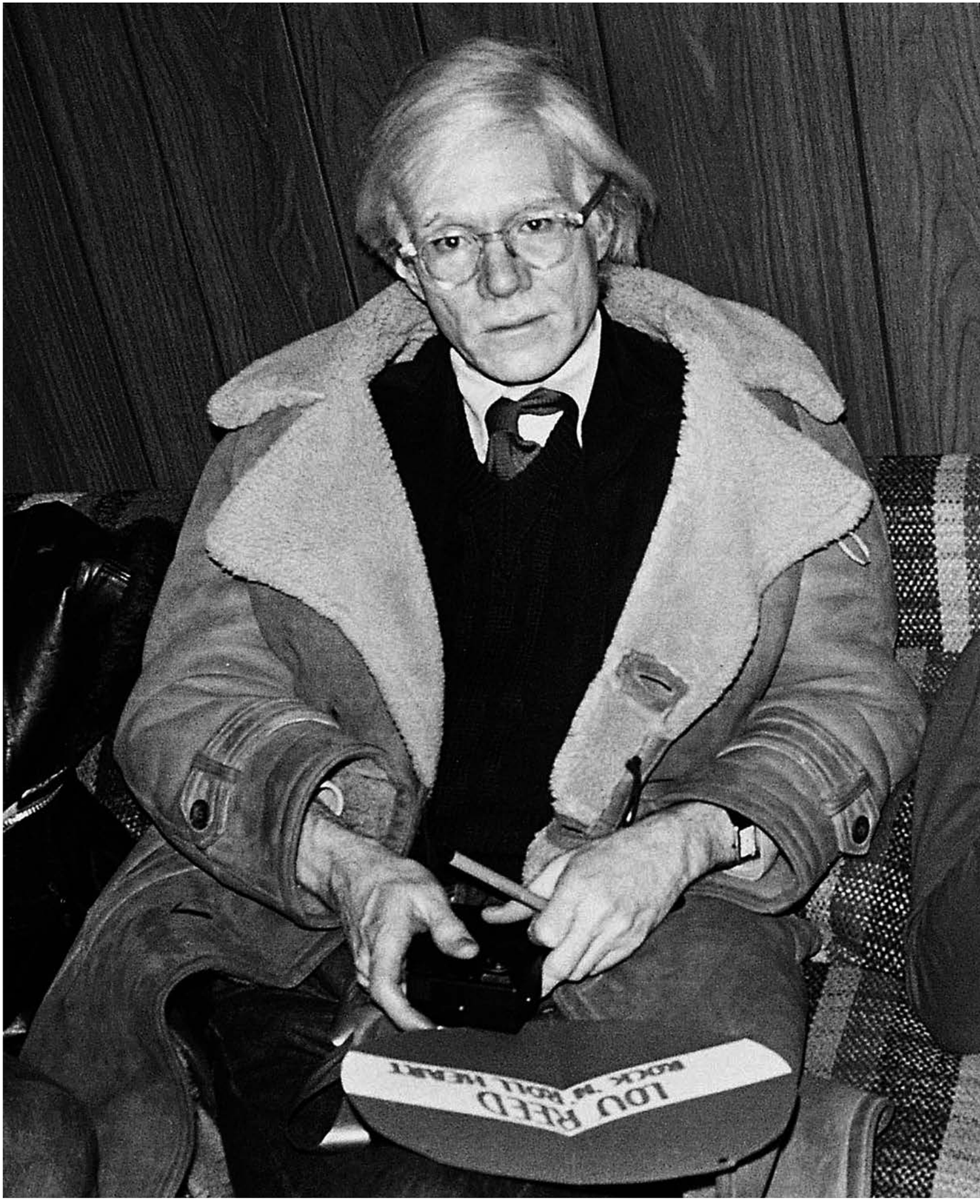


(Above) Lou waiting to see his man about a dog. Possibly 26 dollars on the table.
(Right) Lou in his apartment, 1976. Someone once asked me if I was a chronicler or an enhancer of imagery. With Lou? Both.

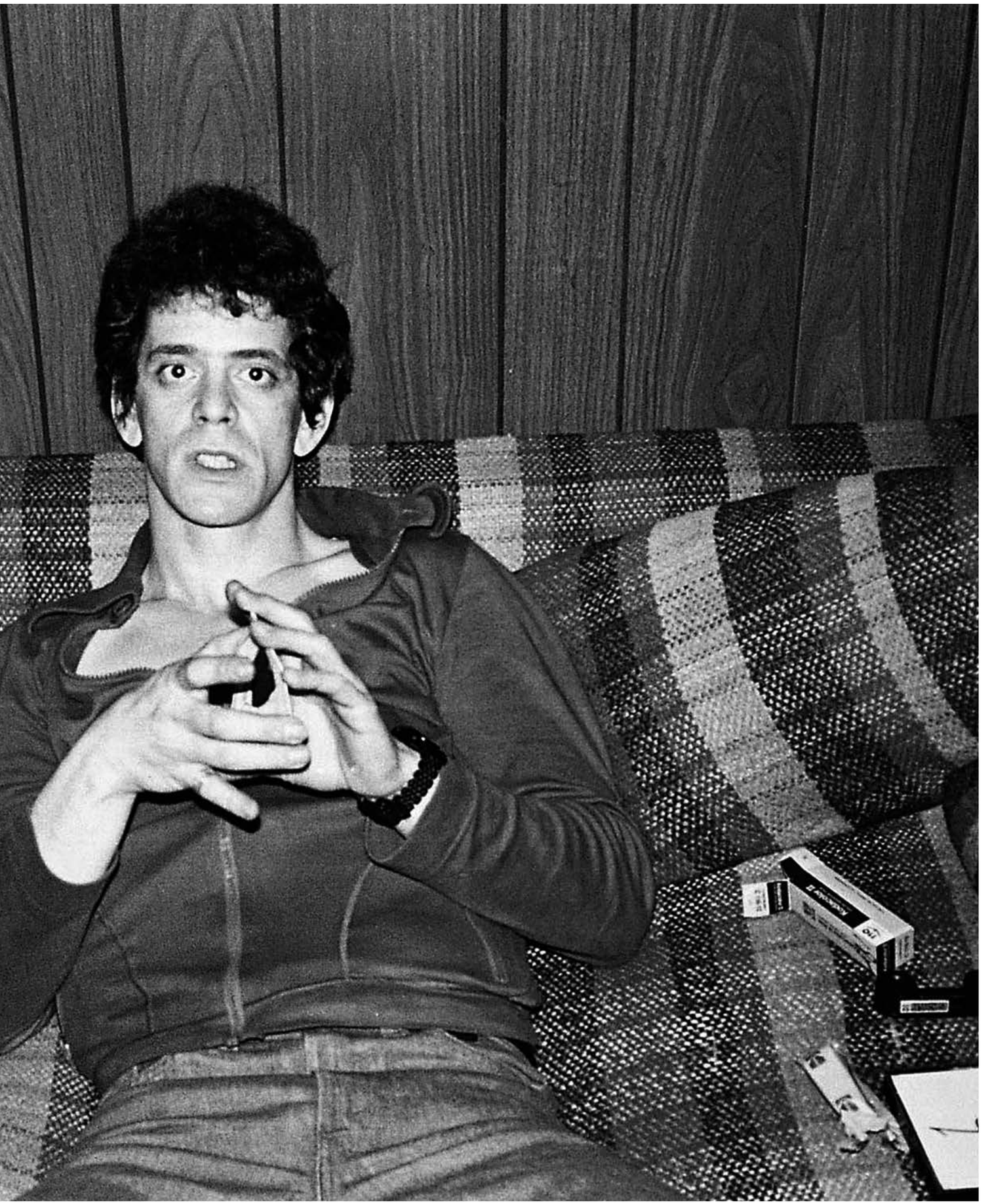
DURACELL

(76-77) Exploding plastic inevitable jacket, Lou in 1975. (Above) Lou and Nico in Blake's Hotel, London, 1975. There's something about this picture, nice and freaky. (Right) Lou was fabulous in all ways. The fact that he was completely screwed up in all ways, well, that never worried me. It was the sign of a true artist.

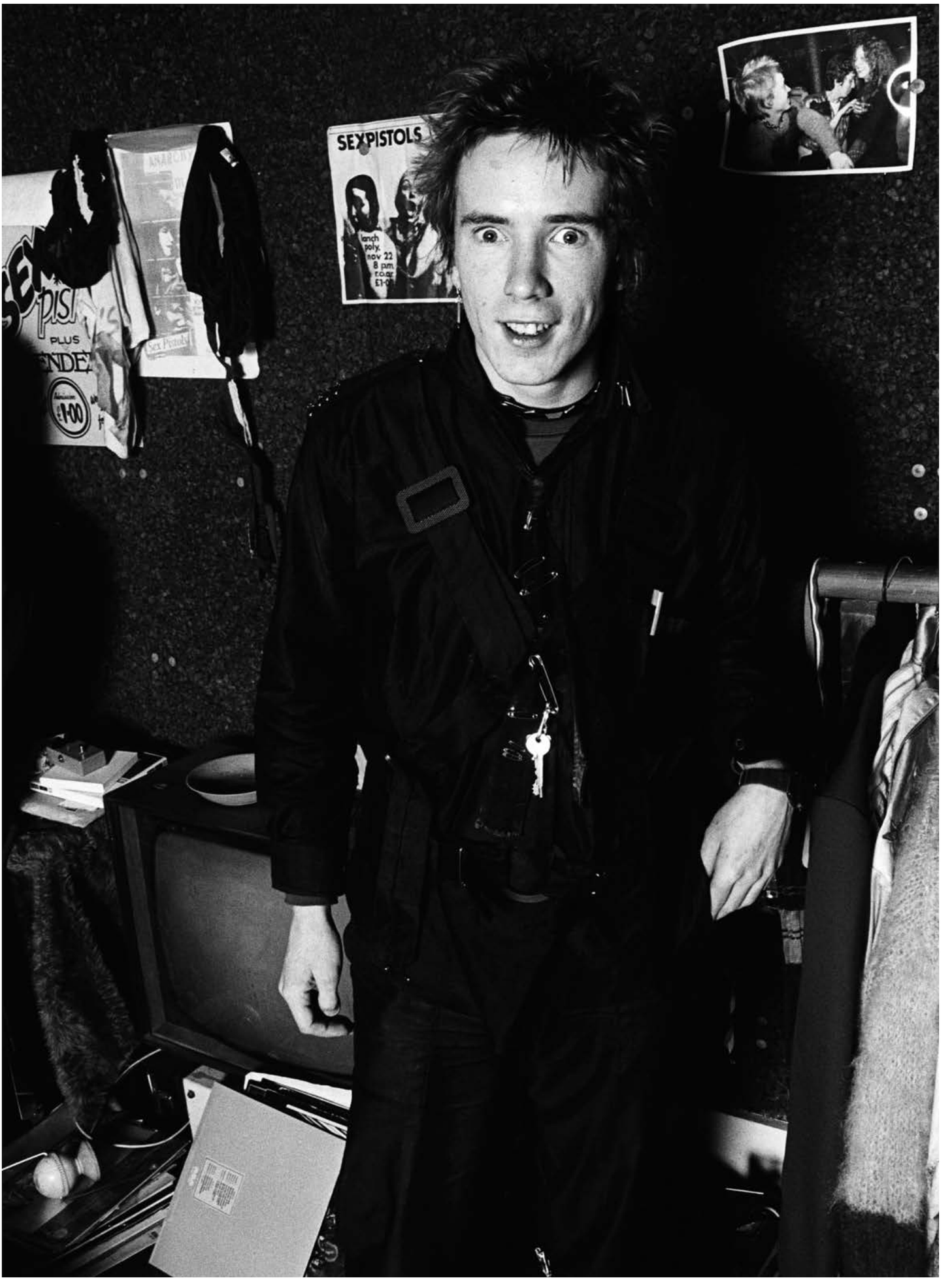




Andy and Lou, New York, 1976. The release party for *Rock and Roll Heart*.
The sofa? Not so rock 'n' roll. But clearly a couple of geniuses on it.



Truman Capote and Warhol, shot for the cover of *High Times* magazine, New York, 1979 (left). You better watch out—Capote turned up a little worse for the wear, even though Santa got him a lollipop and a puppy. Party of two. (Above) Mick Jagger and Andy at Windows on the World atop the World Trade Center in New York, 1977. (84-85) Warhol gets a cherry pie top hat at a *High Times* party in 1980.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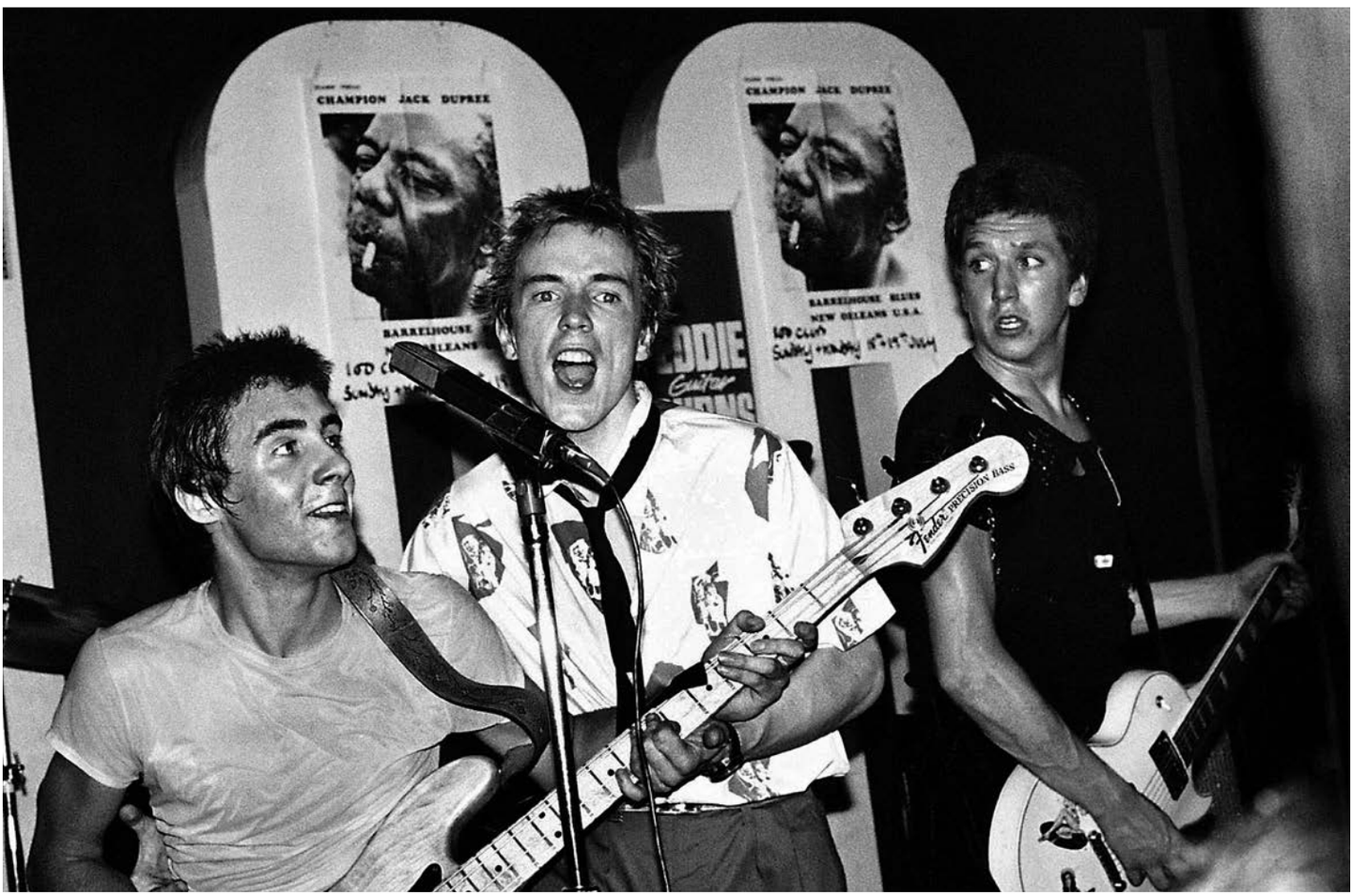


(Left) Johnny Rotten at the 100 Club, London, in 1976. Couldn't play, but a virtuoso of punk. I shot the Sex Pistols (above) at one of their first gigs, at the club. Look at those fresh faces. Funny, there weren't many rock photographers around then, but all the crazy publicity around the Pistols got the scene going, then they came in a swarm.

I saw Smutty quiffing Santa Claus. Smutty Smiff rocks Christmas (above) and gives it tweaks and tats (right). When he joined the Rockats they said he had to play the double bass with all those tattoos. Great hair and clothes, and real personality.

Cleveland's finest Dead Boys in 1979. They were loud, they were snotty, and a staple at CBGB. They were one of the first and the loudest US punk bands. Stiv Bators died in 1990 after being hit by a taxi in Paris.

The mighty Ramones for the *End of the Century* album, 1979. My allegiance was always to the act. I wanted them to be happy, not the record label or a magazine. And look how happy they are!

“ In a 1977 interview, Iggy Pop’s music was declared a work of genius—by Iggy Pop. Iggy was a primal force, the like of which has never been equaled in rock ’n’ roll. He was a “monster” in the Shakespearean sense, elemental, a force of nature. He was like something caged and very angry about it.

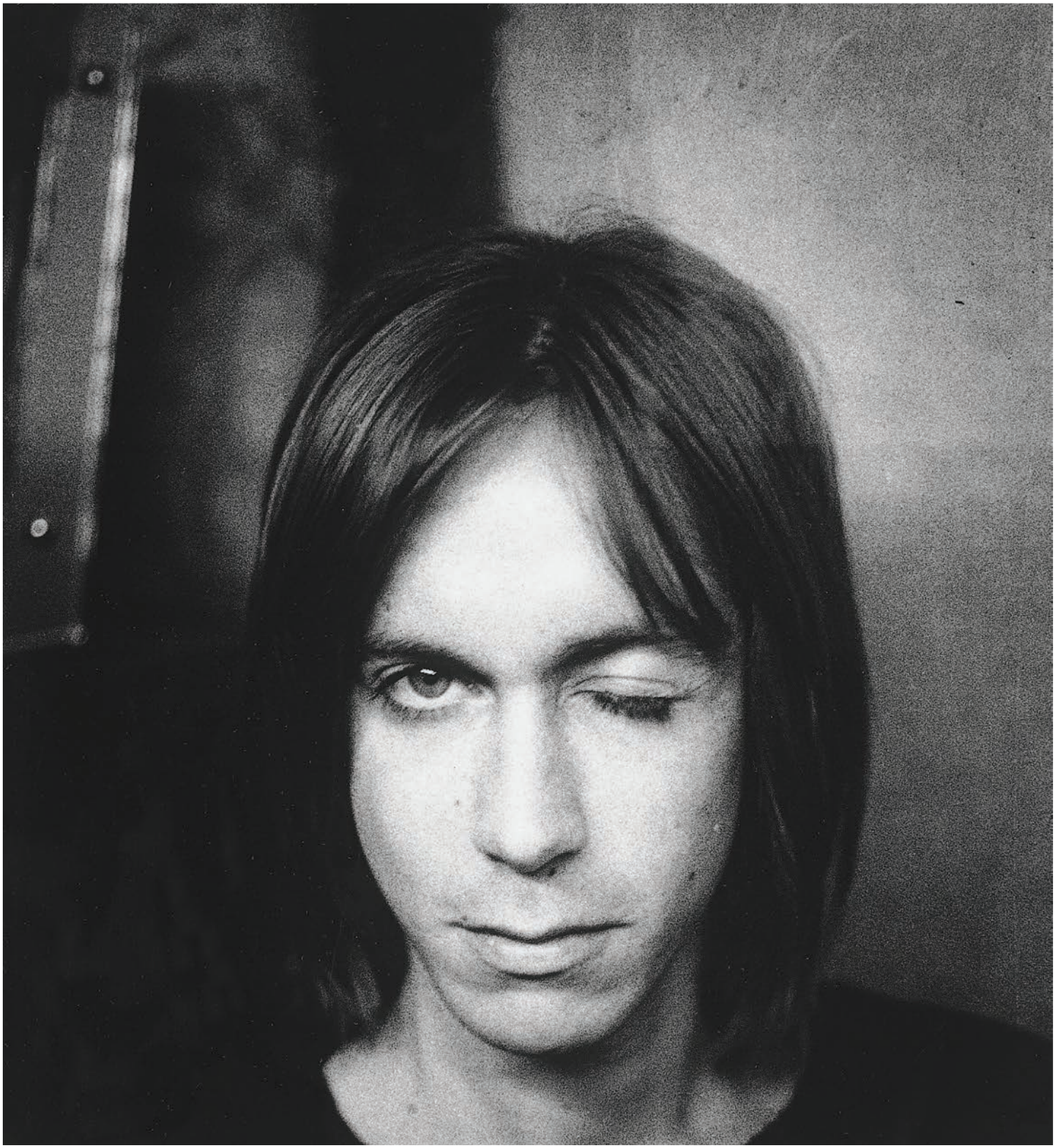
Iggy said there was a fine line between entertaining flamboyance and being a prat. That self-awareness was incredible to see. Iggy and David were good for each other. He said Bowie resurrected him. I think he wasn’t dead. You could say it was the perfect marriage.

Rock on Iggy

I called Iggy, Lou, and David the terrible trio. Iggy and Lou knew each other through the Velvet Underground, but it was David who stuck them together. They were in love with each other: They became the Unholy Trinity. David could smell it. Lou didn’t care. Iggy was on his own planet entirely, and what a planet it was.

I caught him with the Stooges during their one and only UK show at the King’s Cross Cinema in July 1972. One of the shots ended up on the cover of *Raw Power*. When punk rock came along, it was amateur hour compared to Iggy. Look at the pictures and tell me he wasn’t punk. He bent over backwards for it. ”

Marshall
Marshall



Iggy (94-95) was a monster in the Shakespearean sense. Elemental, and a force of nature. He was like something caged and angry, not like the angel in this pic (above) taken at rehearsals in Fulham Road, London 1972. (Right) No one quite played up to the camera like Iggy. The Stooges fired the starting gun on punk rock. He was in the throes of addiction, but he patched himself up and pulled together a legendary act.

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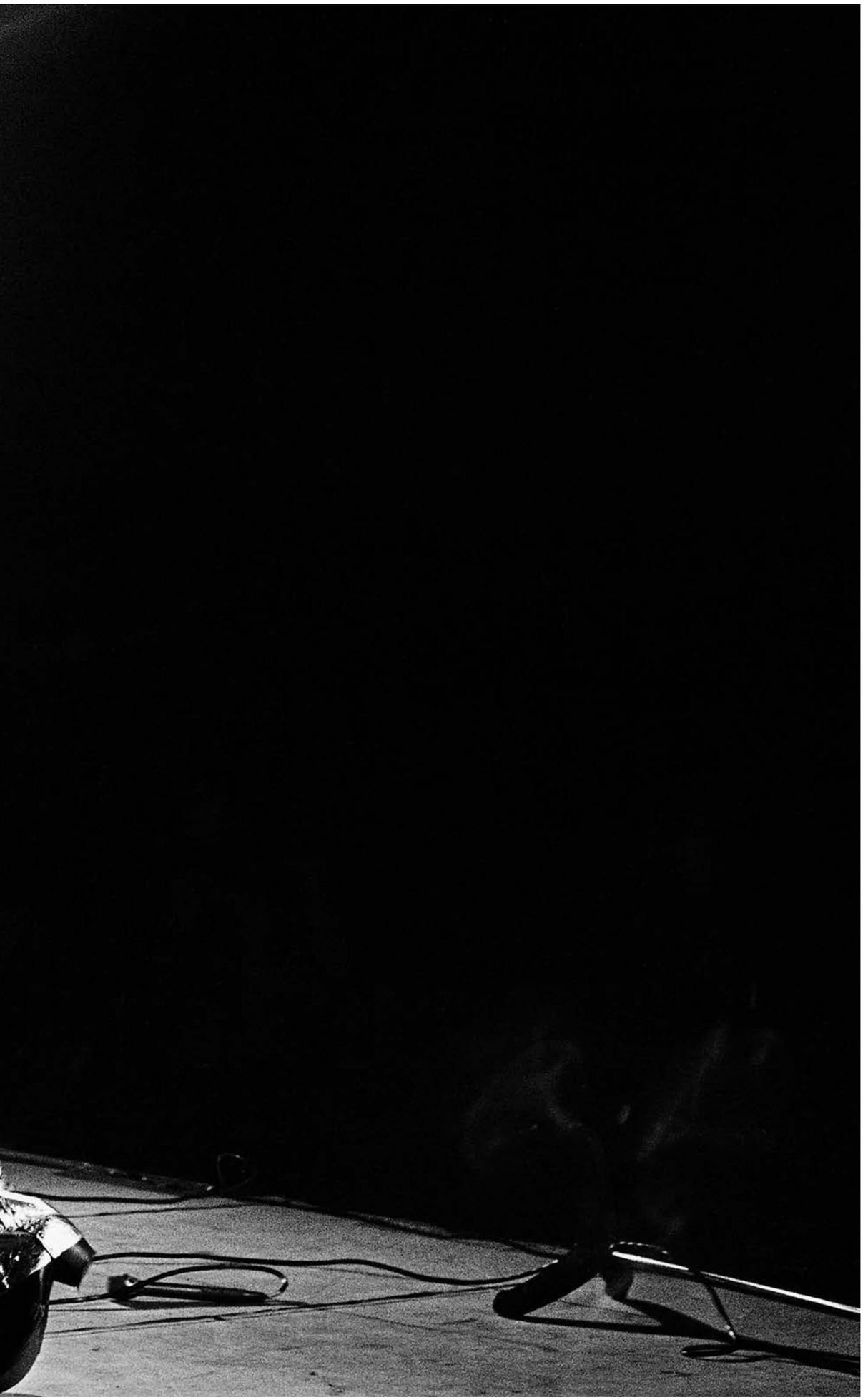


Iggy was always on another kind of bender altogether. He was definitely out there somewhere very interesting. Back in the day we always wondered who would go first—and Iggy survives!

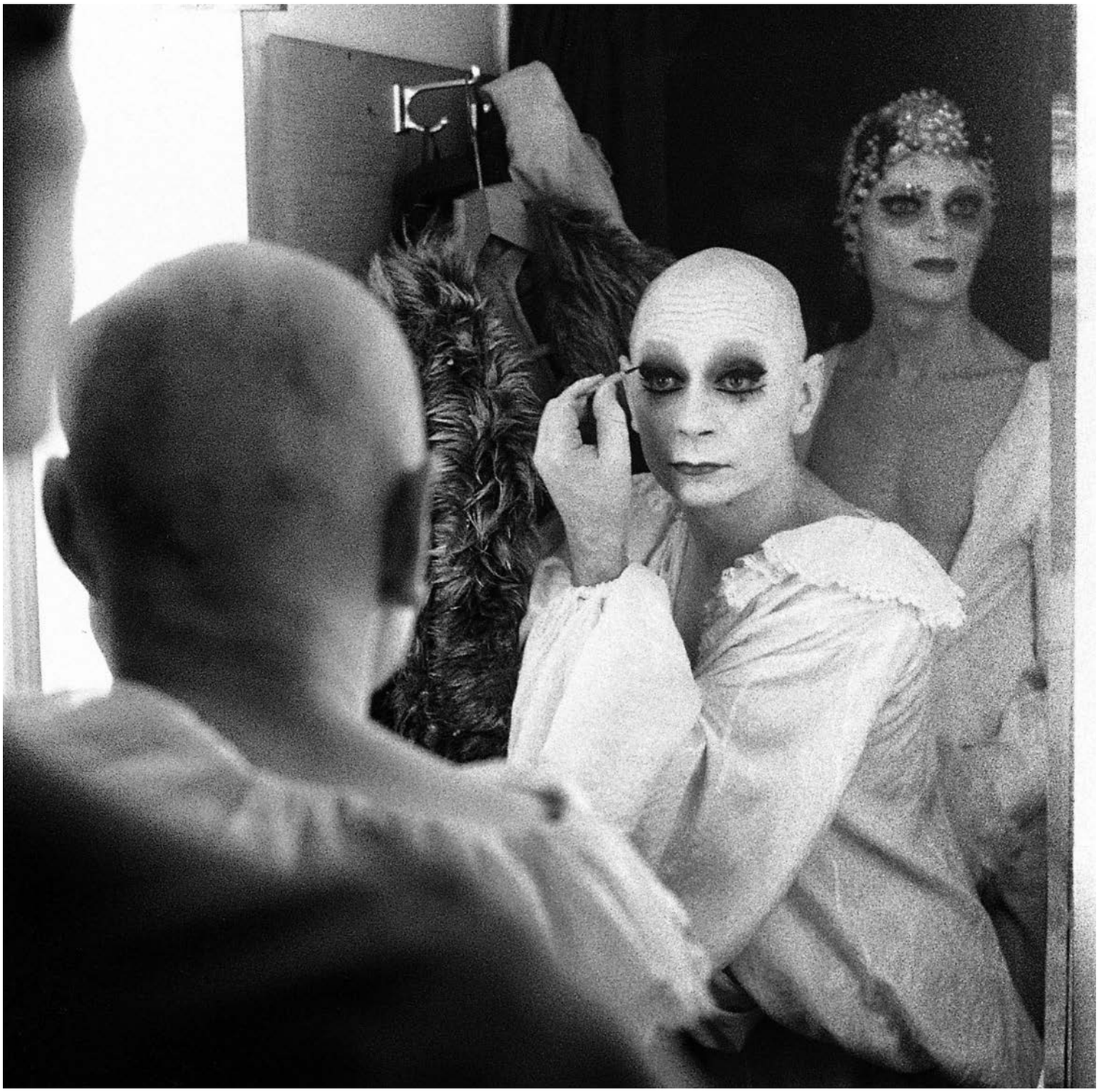
(Previous page) The Godfather of Punk in 1977, by the godfather of rock photography. Uncompromising, gritty, and glorious, this slinky, smooth live shot (left) screams *Raw Power*. The orange hue comes from using daylight film and pushing it to get the right result. Shot just a week apart from Lou's *Transformer* cover. (Above) "If I don't terrorize, I'm not Pop." Iggy in 1980.

Detroit's saviour—and everyone else's (above). Iggy said Jesus hung out with hard-drinking fishermen. (Right) Child prodigy: Sex and violins. I love Iggy, the power he projects, his unpredictable nature, and the freedom he foments. But mostly it's the music that pumps both our desires to keep going. He's game for just about anything.

YAMAHA

In 1976, Lou produced an album for a college mate from Syracuse named Nelson Slater. They were the lunatic fringe in a very straight place. Even though Lou was all over it, the album, *Wild Angel*, disappeared without a trace. Slater blamed the cover shot in part for that.

I shot this cover for a British band called Strapps in 1976. I based the image on the lyrics for one of their songs. These days, collectors buy it for the cover.



(Left) Brian Eno, 1974. He had his own oblique strategies. Bless him. I didn't really have a strategy. I was not interested in a career. I wanted adventures. (Above) You don't know who this is? You need to learn about him. This is the amazing Lindsay Kemp.

Bowie learned so much about theatricality, costume, movement, and make-up from Lindsay (above). He died dancing with friends, and that fits. Lindsay must have learned something about looking amazing from his mum (right) here in 1974.

(110-111) The Pointer Sisters in London, 1973. (Left and above) Dolly Parton live in 1975 and Waylon Jennings in 1972. Dolly and Waylon had rock cred in a country world. He was an outlaw, and she turned down Elvis. Legends.

“ Picture this: My first photo session all those years ago was with a girlfriend who was blonde. So the iconic blonde was fixed in my mind from the start. For many years, I had to get over being Mick Rock. But Debbie had to get over being Blondie. A deliriously photogenic lead singer. And no dumb blond: she’s a very smart lady, let me tell you. You’d have thought because she was cute and poppy she was less important, but it turns out she was very important. It’s the pure aesthetic of it. Blondie didn’t really come out of the pop or punk thing. It was more a downtown, bohemian thing. They were artists.

Rock on Debbie

Yet there was a lack of pretence. They were just having fun, very relaxed larking about as a band. Of course, punk didn’t really matter when you looked like her.

My first sessions were with her, not the band. Debbie is an absolute gift to photographers. In person, she is a very attractive lady, but on film, this other thing happened. I knew she photographed well, but when she got in front of my camera, it just jumped. A timeless beauty who remains to this day one of the most photogenic subjects in music. Relaxed, unforced, a sense of humour, and at ease. A beautiful apparition that flowed into my lens. ”

(Left and above) Part of the *Parallel Lines* promo. Debbie was just distinctive. Unique charm, charisma, a downtown icon. Debbie, in a sense, changed the landscape of rock 'n' roll. People say she's the greatest blonde that ever rocked. That is certainly how I feel about it. It was propitious working with her. Thank you, Cambridge, for the big word.

Honey, I'm home! Debbie and Chris at home in New York, 1978. They called her the Punk Marilyn. I saw very little punk, but a lot of Marilyn. Debbie had a great sense of humor about herself. Plus, she stuck with Chris when he was sick, a lovely thing.

Picture this icon in 2003. I called her and Bowie the Double D's. You really couldn't take a bad picture of either of them. Debbie was a major pop force. I was a bit consumed, to be honest. At a time when my life was shifting to New York, Debbie was the perfect subject.

Bob Marley (left) shot at a couple of beyond-sold-out shows in London, 1975. His music was pure joy. (Above) Chuck Berry in 1974. His audience was mostly white middle-class kids, but he figured out what they wanted before they knew themselves. He helped invent the modern teenager, in a way.

Rock on Rocky

“ You want to shock people with a little bit of mystery and beauty. That’s my favourite kind of shocking. *Rocky Horror* was shock, rock, camp, and cult. No one thought a spoof horror film would work—but it did. The director, Jim Sharman, invited me to be the on-set photographer. He was a fan, and I’d knocked around with the show’s creator, Richard O’Brien. I did some continuity stuff, but I also did set-ups. I could turn up when I liked and shoot whatever stirred my imagination, on set and off. The only horror? The set had no heat and only a few proper bathrooms. Imagine that freezing swimming pool. Susan Sarandon even got pneumonia. There were quite a few accidents on set, too. Meat Loaf fell off a ramp in his wheelchair. But we all pushed through.

Tim Curry looked like a boss, and his voice was like a fantastic mixture of Queen Elizabeth and his own mother. That Pierre La Roche makeup was just iconic, and Tim rocked the corset, too. He was an incredible subject, alongside the gorgeous Patricia Quinn and Nell Campbell. He’s right up there in the pantheon, really, isn’t he? He used to say he didn’t want to be trapped in the Frank-N-Furter role, and of course, he wasn’t. But image is a funny old thing. ”

(124-125) Tim getting his boss tattoo on set in 1974. Stunning smoke break (left) and Tim and his pink rubber gloves (above). Tim once attempted to see a midnight showing of the film in New York but was kicked out for being an imposter. Shame.

Girls on top (above). Denmark's all-female Ladybirds rock out. (Right) Ronnie Spector in 1974, a proper rock 'n' roll star. The Beatles and the Stones were crazy for her, and I know she inspired countless females on these pages.

One of my all-time favorite sessions, Carly Simon (above) in the late '70s. The record company freaked because it wasn't her image, but I knew it was her spirit. It's the intuitive thing.

Marianne Faithfull, 1973. She knows and has lived the darkness she sings about. The story goes that Andrew Loog Oldham noticed her at a party, and then the Stones wrote a song for her. She was Faithfull, but she and Mick Jagger were not, particularly. An extraordinary woman.

“From the time I first laid eyes on Queen at Trident Studios in 1973, I saw magic. And they knew they had it. They swarmed me like a bunch of kookaburras, so confident and telling me how good they were. They played me *Queen II*, which they'd just finished recording. I thought it was like a mix of Bowie and Led Zeppelin. The right thing to say, because they knew I got it.

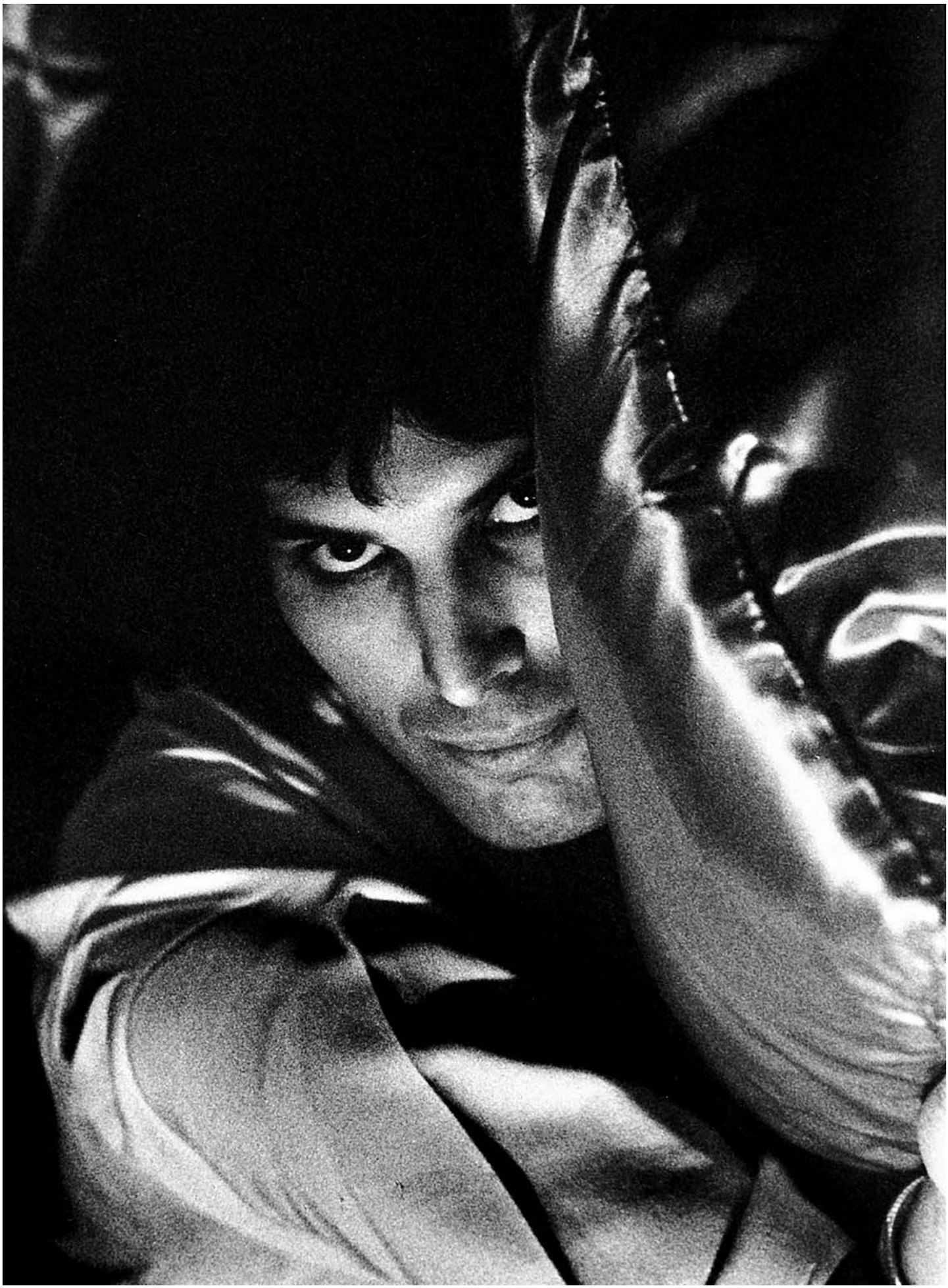
There was something otherworldy about them. They were human, but more like fantastic pre-Raphaelite creatures. Especially Freddie. He was soaked in showbiz, really. He got the importance of image from

Rock on Freddie

the start, and even at the tiniest of gigs, he performed like he was in a stadium already. A visionary and the most fascinating character. In the purest terms, he was the greatest voice to come out of rock 'n' roll.

I was so fond of him, and we did great work together. He had an overbite because of extra teeth at the back of his mouth. Wouldn't take them out in case his voice somehow changed. So at first, he didn't open his mouth. This was probably Freddie's favorite picture of himself. I didn't live far from him at the time, and he'd got these new purple sheets. So I went over to shoot him. And I think they are fabulous. Like him.”

(134-135) Freddie and Brian May live in 1974. When shooting live, I get a little greedy. I don't just shoot with my eyes, I do it viscerally as well. A vision in a white tunic (above), based on Zandra Rhode's wedding outfit. 1974, only Freddie could make this work. (Right) For someone so flamboyant, Freddie was surprisingly camera shy. He looks like he's on his way to heaven. Eyes on the prize and all that.



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In February 1974, I shot the album cover *Queen II*. I felt it needed to have a certain grand quality, you can see this from the contact sheet (138-139). I'd come across a photo of Marlene Dietrich on the set of 1932's *Shanghai Express*, and she was under a top light, with hood eyes, arms crossed, fingers spread. I showed Freddie the image, and he loved it, so that was it.

(142-143) Jagger's lips, 1975 *Black and Blue* tour. (Above) Evening, all. Mick, Rod, Ronnie, and Jeff Beck meet and greet the police. Keith (right) said he never had a problem with drugs, but he has had problems with the police. He also says Mick is rock and he's roll. I'm Rock and Keith is both. Live in 1975.

(146-147) Bryan Ferry looking his usual swellegant and smooth self in 1974. He always photographs so well. (Above) Ferry amongst his flowers, Holland Park, 1976. Our man in Havana style.

The name of this band is the Talking Heads. Studio session. It was all punk and safety pins then, they looked so weirdly clean cut. I told them they were straight out of the Village of the Damned.

End of the century '80-'99

“ So some smart arse called me the man who shot the ’70s, and it stuck to me like a wet Polaroid over the years. But I never stopped shooting. Yes, the ’70s felt like the last days of rock ’n’ roll in a way, but it’s died a million deaths and still keeps going. Like me, even though my axis shifted from London to New York in the mid-’70s. I moved like a moth to the flame to continue my adventure. Of course, I am still a through and through Londoner. I’m not going to lose my bloody accent.

They say you can’t keep New York down. Same with me. I was both instigator and chronicler. I was a little

Rocks off

bit in love with excess. I wanted to experiment, and if there was anything mildly interesting going on, I had to be there. Some people, you had to scrape off the floor. Me, you had to peel me down from the ceiling. Of course I never thought I was going to die, even though I almost did. Found myself with no money and sore nostrils.

Still, I saw myself as an assassin. If I was asked to capture you, I would find you, get you, and disappear. God gave me a whack upside the head with my quadruple bypass in ’96 to remind me not to be a dick, Mick.

If I had to pick my soundtrack to New York? Lou’s Dirty Blvd. ”

The spellbinding Siouxsie of the Banshees (left) shot in New York in 1980, around the time of their first US tour. She's strong, provocative, and stood up for herself in what was at the time a male-dominated industry. (Above) Medusa in 1983. Maybe my brain was a bit dabbed, but I saw my subjects as mythical creatures in a way, hence the celluloid snakes in her hair.

“ This shot defined Joan Jett—a lot of people don’t imagine her any other way. An absolute natural, and a natural fit for me. Yes, she’d been in The Runaways, so the camera was no stranger, but she just got it. We didn’t plan anything. I got a late-night call from her manager to say they’d tried three other photographers and hated the results. They were running out of money and time—and in those days, midnight was my kind of time.

She came round to the studio with a few changes of clothing, and at around 3 a.m. we got this shot. This was one of the last of her outfits. I thought she looked like

Rock on Joan

the female Elvis in that hot pink jacket and set out to capture that. Her look was a bit rockabilly, with those big bangs and dark mascaraed eyes. You can’t see the black cowboy boots, but she was wearing them.

She was like a tomboy girl rocker. So cool, but not untouchable, and looking like she’d be amazing to hang out with. And never afraid. I think the record company was expecting her to be lying on a chaise in leopard skin or something, but this is what they got: the cover of *I Love Rock ’n’ Roll*. I got to see her perform for her documentary recently, which was cool for me. She sings about her bad reputation, but she is a good person. ”

(Above) Leather and lace, New York 1982. Some of that tough girl image was put on her, but Joan didn't care. She just wanted to play the guitar. Miss Jett. Fantastic. It doesn't come any better than this. (Right) As much as I love the album cover, this is sensational. Just look at her eyes. I always had a good feel for black and red.

(Above) I used to snap aspiring singers who hung around at Bleecker Bob's in the Village. One summer evening in 1980, Madonna turned up. She seemed very young but ambitious. You can see it, though, that she knew even then how to get attention. I didn't ask her to stick her tongue out, for example. (Right) Hall and Oates in the 1980s. They say one reason they've stuck together for so long is staying out of each other's way.

VOICES

“ Lycra. Eyeliner. Tons of hairspray. They all take a toll. You get a dirty little band; where are you going to put them? Where they needed to be: in a Mick Rock bubble bath. Mötley Crüe came to me in 1986 with open minds—and nostrils. Vince Neil, Mick Mars, Nikki Sixx, and Tommy Lee called themselves the world’s most notorious rock band. They were certainly famous for their excess. They told me to do what I wanted as long as it was glammy and dramatic.

For some reason, there was a pink bathtub at the studio in Los Angeles, and someone suggested they

Rock on the Crüe

climb in. Like the wild things they are, they agreed. Bubbles? No trouble. Pouring in the bubble bath was the perfect touch. Just look at Nikki’s clean foot—at least something in that shot was clean. Tommy Lee and Nikki used to compete for going the longest without a bath. They were completely out of their minds. Shock horror, I know, remember there were lots and lots of drugs around. Made me look like an amateur, which was no small task. Still, you have to admire that nobody got their hair too wet. Result! The record company decided not to use the shot. Nikki later said it was a glam send-up. But it all came out in the wash, I hope. ”

The Crüe in 1986 (left). Rock hard, live harder. They did say they were taking the piss a little as the world's most notorious rock band. (Above) Nikki Sixx in 2008. Nikki really connected with Iggy's music and said Iggy would always have the same hunger as he did. He used to wear a *Raw Power* shirt all the time. Weird how worlds collide with me.

In the early '80s, my studio on 32nd and Madison was running 24 hours a day. Crazy. PinkEye, a Japanese band recording in New York, said they needed an album cover but they had a minimal budget. I agreed to go ahead as long as I had creative control. Don't know what became of the band, but I still love the images. There was a hoax later on in Japan about the dangers of eyeball licking. Kids!

Bee mine: Cupid draws back his bow. Of course, he had two sets of arrows—golden-tipped ones to make people fall in love and silver ones to end an infatuation. I think my camera is a little bit like one of those golden arrows. A Valentine I created to win my love.

Perry Farrell of Jane's Addiction (left). Utterly fearless. As a photographer, I like building up energy, opening the circumstances, and then I pounce. Perry's the same as a performer. Dave Grohl (above) said if there's one thing he's good at, it's gathering people together to do something fun. He could have also said he's quite good at playing drums and fronting the Foo Fighters. He's living proof that rock 'n' roll can and will go on forever. I should know.

I don't go into a session intending to make any kind of statement. I'm looking for the mysterious, trying to explore the unique enigma of the situation. Tori Amos in New York, 1996. She might talk about being away with the fairies, but she is strikingly in control. This session captured a little of both sides.

Tania Maria shot for a 1988 album cover in New York. I like a scarf or two, you know. She's a striking woman, but against the lush green background, the scarf makes her look like some sort of exotic flower. The colours here are so rich, almost juicy.

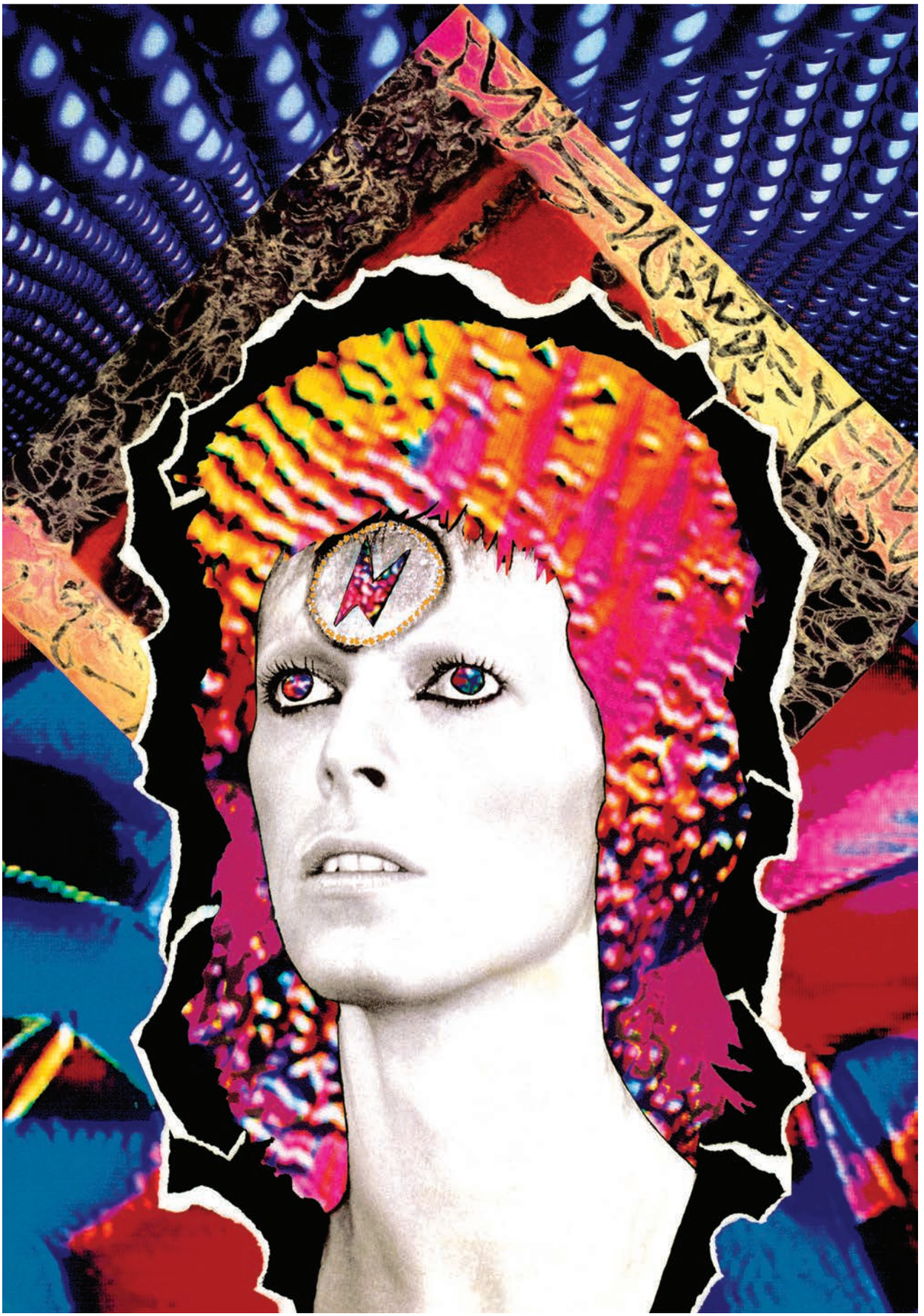
“ So they say I’m some kind of legend, although that makes me seem a little old. In the early days, I got into photography through my writing. I’d interview a band and get some pictures as well, because the world was cheap. Still is. My photography has always been more like art than a documentary. I could see the art in the characters around me, because it was happening right in front of my camera. My sensibility was always wide open. I do construct, but I also improvise.

On a photo shoot, you have to please the subject. That was easy for me because I related to musicians. But

Rock on Art

some things I do, I do to please myself. When I go into that space—it can be a studio or the whole world, when the world is right—there’s a certain kind of excitement. When I reach that state, it is like magic. Art is meditation. I go into a headspace where you can feel the energy. Sometimes it’s brash and noisy, and other times, it’s quiet. But there are times that it just takes me over. This rip-art is part collage, part messing about in the darkroom, and completely hypnotic. It creates a multidimensional effect I love.

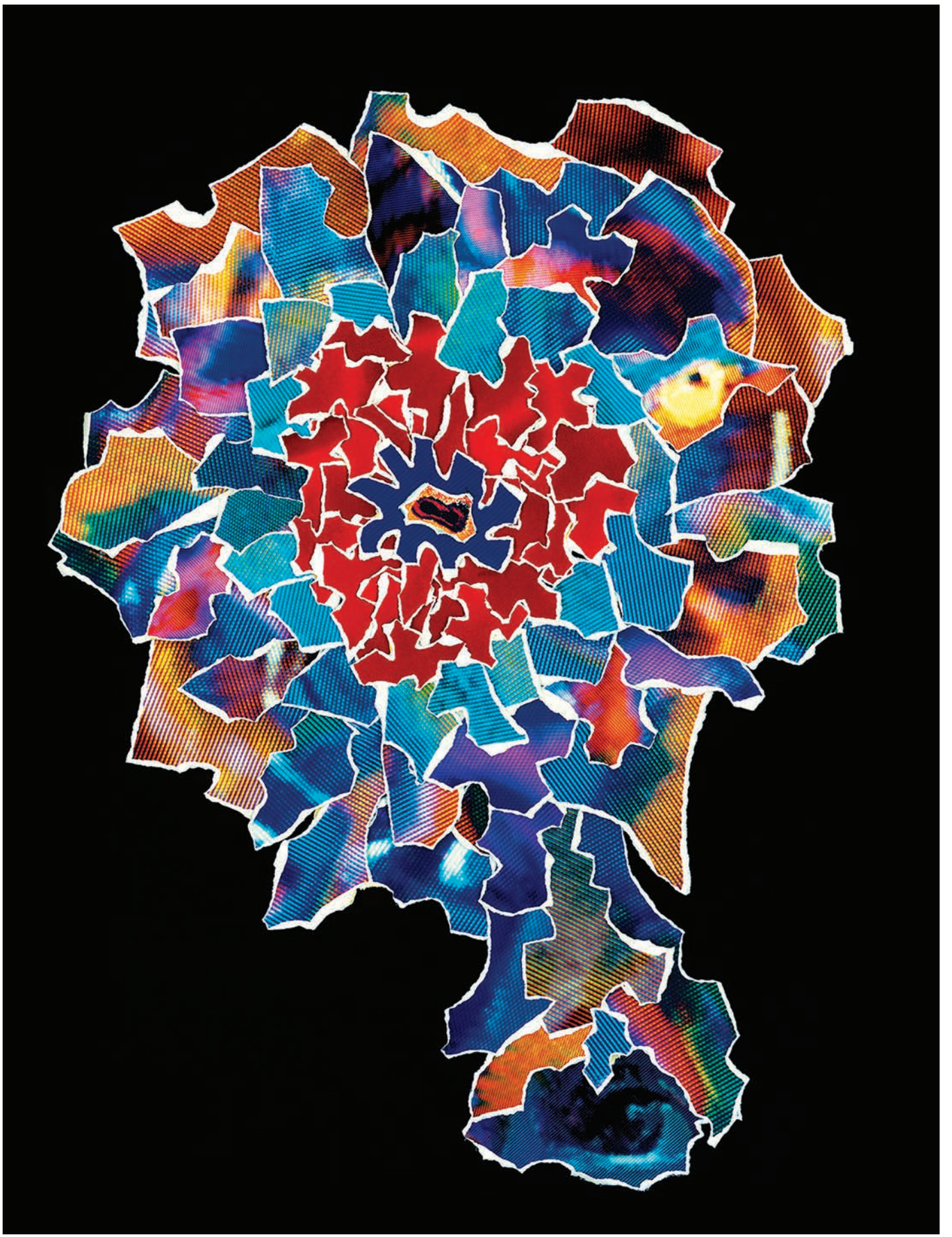
I’ve never had a real job, you know. But this kind of thing is what I want to do. ”



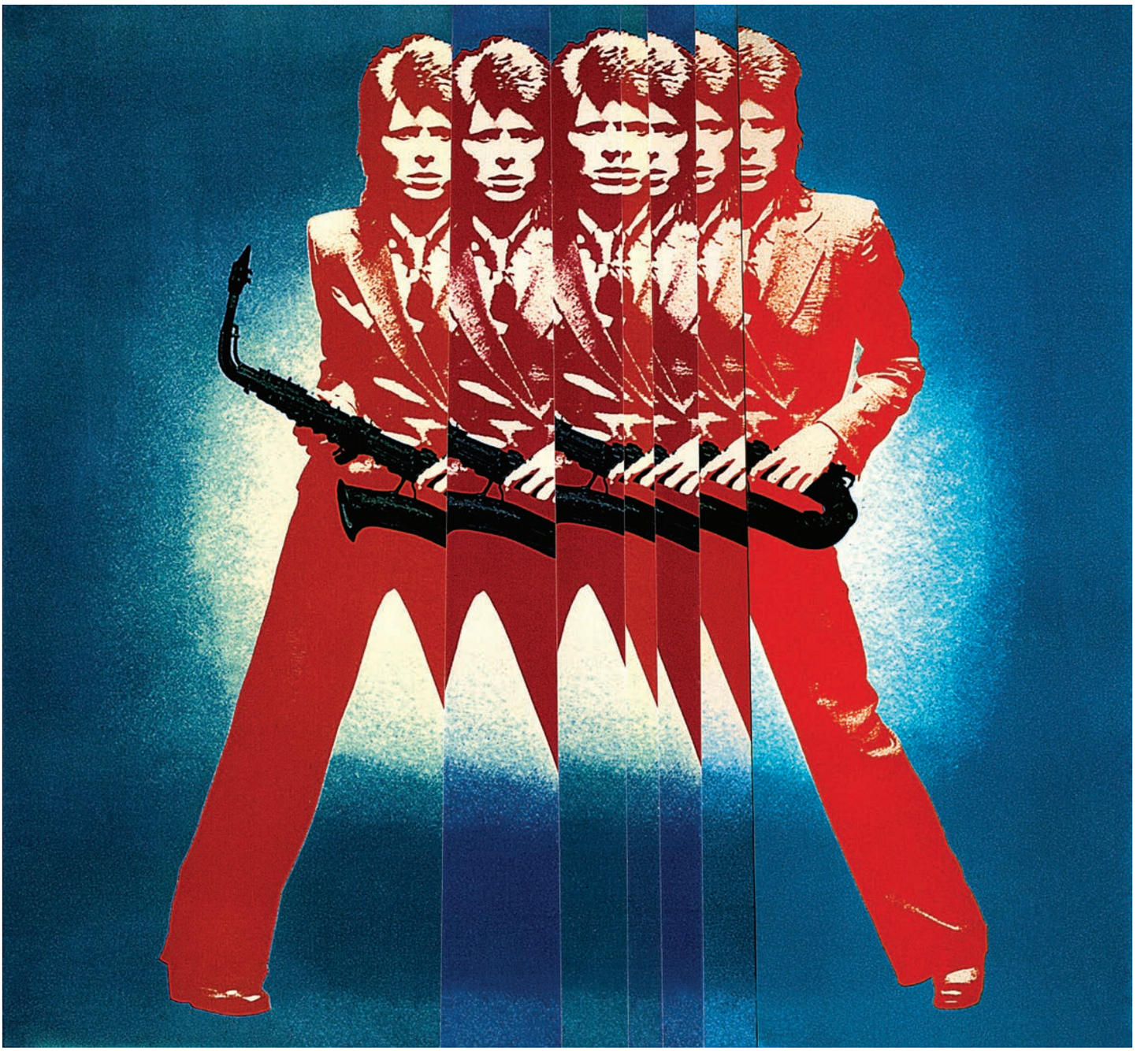
Keep your 'lectric eye on me, babe. David in a moonage daydream. It amazes me how in-demand images from the 1970s are, how fertile it is. We were engaging in a certain amount of propaganda, and I was a true believer.

I got paid the princely sum of one hundred pounds to shoot the *Transformer* cover in the summer of 1972. Lou's faraway eyes make him look so bored with it all, but his solo career was just blowing up into high voltage (like a transformer).

I started to generate abstract imagery and then reassemble it into art. I was inspired by Jackson Pollock. His work mesmerised me. I thought one could make great stained glass windows from it, and that was the beginning of it all.



This is a rip-art pic done for Valentine's Day for my lady friend (now wife) Pati. We had been going through a very fractured time, and I think you can see that in the art.



Bowie Sax rip-art. I was just playing around and exploring all kinds of possibilities. Inspired by Warhol's painting of Elvis Presley. I did an edition of 20 and David took the first two, but signed them all.

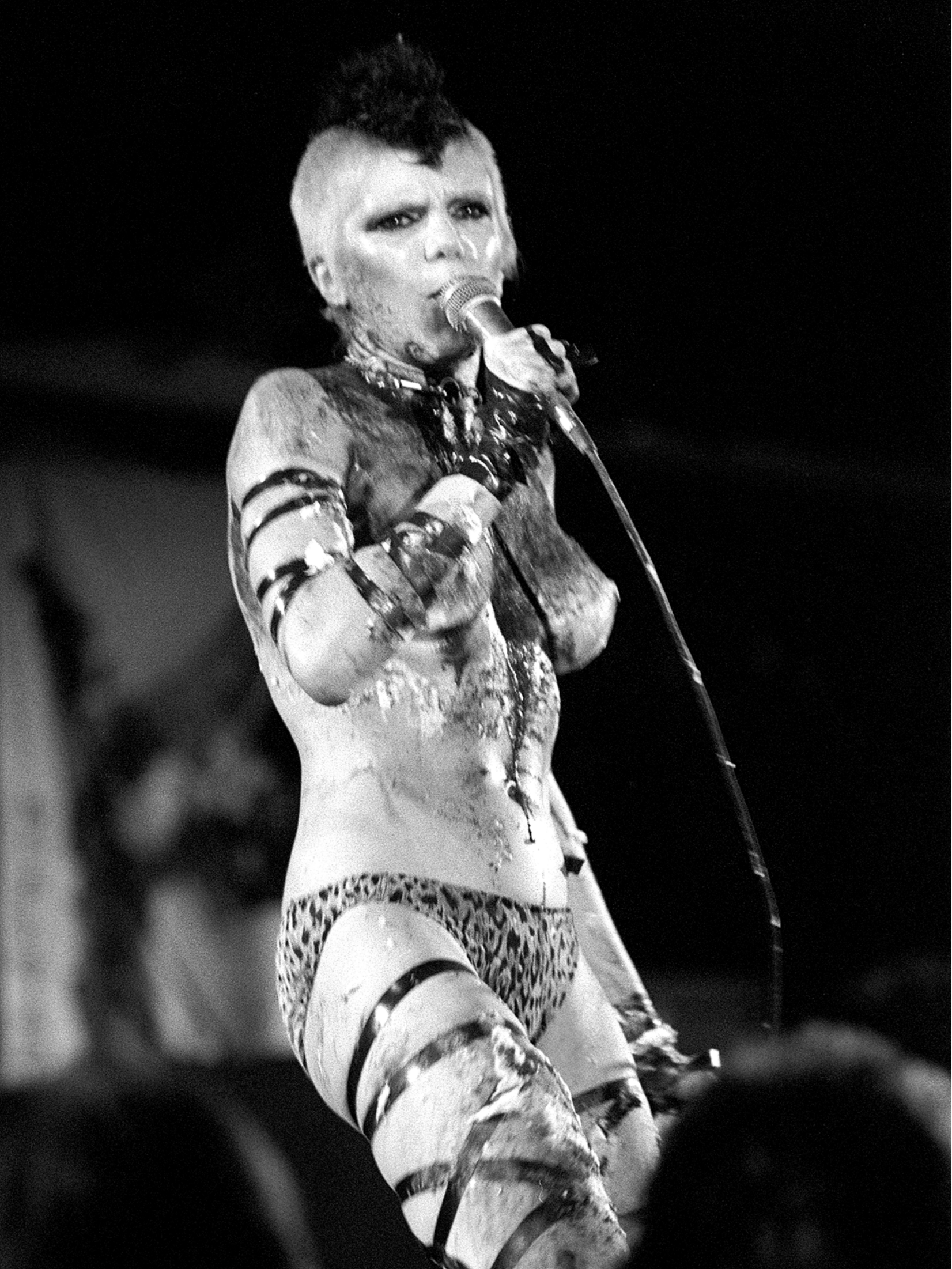
This Queen piece is completely wacked-out punk art. I duped the photos, did a yoga workout, smoked some pot, then let my instincts lead the way. I set fire to the emulsion and set myself free. I call it singe art.

Someone once compared my rip-art images to a hall of mirrors. This one of Lindsay Kemp feels very much like a reflection of my own fractured mind. There was no grand plan.

Kate Moss. She's an absolutely beautiful lady, but there are a lot of beautiful ladies out there, so why her? It's a personality thing. Timing has something to do with it...she is absolutely of her time.

Rock and roll, Hoochie Koo. Johnny Winter shot in 1988. What a dazzling blues guitarist and a Texas legend. His first record came out when he was just 15. His brother Edgar shared his albinism, but it didn't stop his vision of rock.

Wilson Pickett in New York, 1999. Might not have been the midnight hour. His journey from Alabama through to Detroit and then Philadelphia was a roller coaster. But what a ride it must have been.



(Left) Wendy O. Williams on tour with the Plasmatics. She was a true original. No other CBGB band could match them at the time, with their shocking and rocking. (Above) Jimmy Webb, owner of Trash and Vaudeville boutique. His love and enthusiasm were totally contagious. He was a unique spirit who embodied the glam/punk East Village aesthetic like no other. An honest soul, and a man of his times.

“ Ah, the cocaine nights. And days. And years. My life has had its share of excess. Back in the day, people were greedy for the experience of altered states, not just the theory of things. You could say it was a hangover from the hippy times.

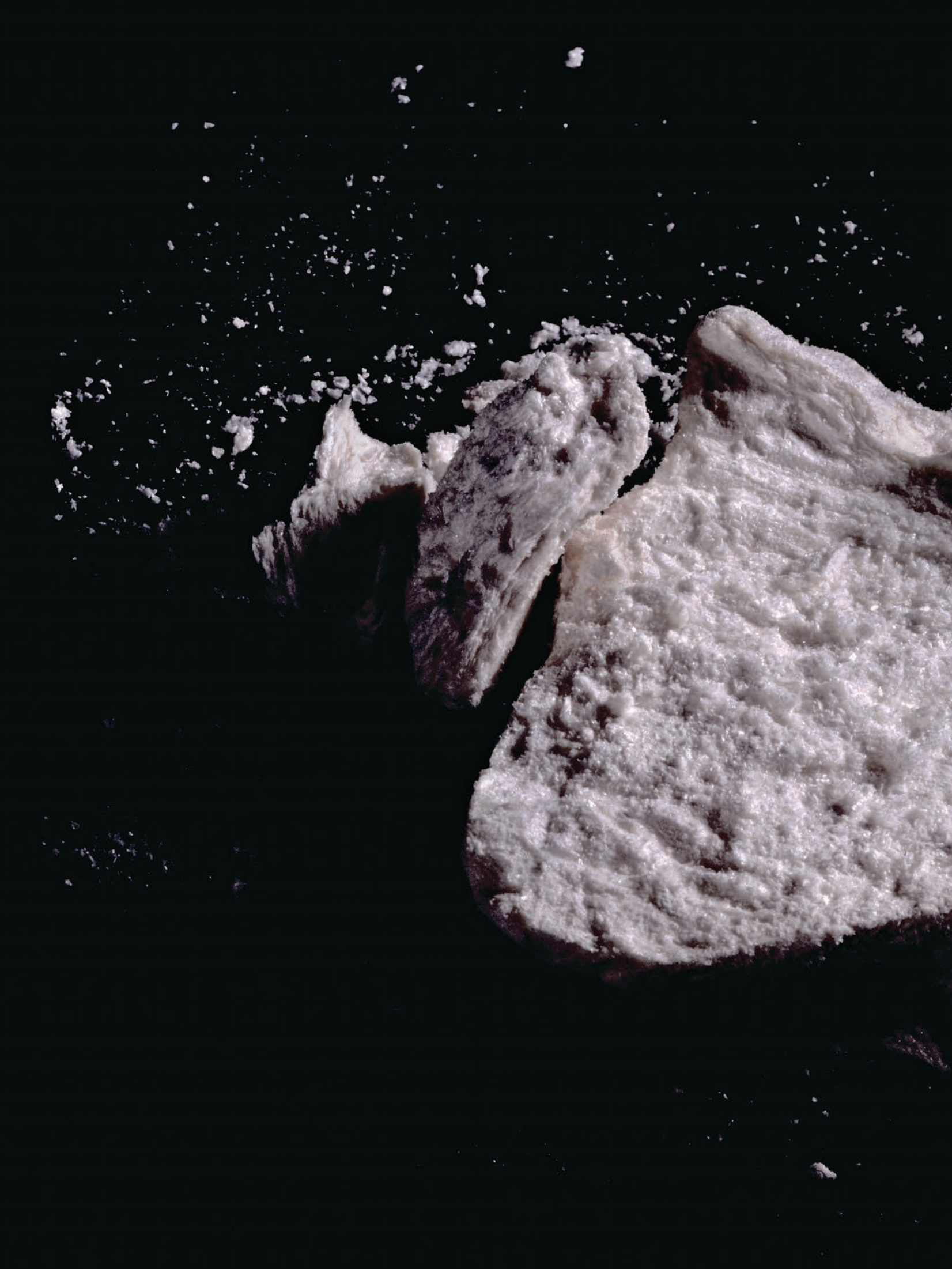
I used to take these amazing still-life photos of cocaine. I remember telling someone once how pleased I was with them, looking all white and shiny. They reminded me the only reason I got such great pictures was that I was in love with the subject. It wouldn’t be the same with a box of vegetables. Very true.

Rock on Naughties

I would stand on my head for 30 minutes before shooting a single frame. It gives you incredible strength. In the cocaine years, the combination of the drugs, the blood, and the oxygen was incredible. I felt like I could make love to a gorilla for a month. Or, alternately, take some photographs.

Cocaine, yoga, starvation, sleep depravation, and did I mention sex? The girls in New York were completely out of control. I blame the girls and the drugs. I was just taken advantage of. Really.

These days, I don’t miss the drugs—and you wouldn’t after a quadruple bypass. ”



UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
DIME

(190-191) So maybe back in the day addicts were a dime a dozen. Everyone was just up for the experience. I certainly hung around with a lot of naughty boys. (Above) Naughty ladies, too. Fire and lace. (Right) Cut-off shorts shot for the *High Times* cover. They wanted to be the *Playboy* of pot.

Window shopping (left). Everyone wants to see behind the curtain. It's a huge part of my job. Paris, 1983 (above). Love the blue gloves, although possibly not suitable for doing the washing up.

Reincarnated ‘00-‘21

“ Decades on, here I am. What do I know? What does anyone know? My sensibility is still wide open, and I always have that intuitive thing. People might drag back the ’70s, but you know what? There is more symbiosis here and now than you might think.

I’ve had big exhibitions everywhere, fabulous commissions, fashion shoots, collaborations, and more. Still, the old stuff seems to stick around. But I accept that now—I shot the ’70s, but they didn’t shoot me.

I sprung in late ’69, but I kept bouncing around. (Even that time at the Factory when I accidentally jumped on

Rock on!

some of Andy’s prints on the floor. Oops.) I went from a lad who barely knew what he was up to, to someone who couldn’t contain my excitement. Every time I would hit the shutter, it would click, and that felt to me like a big explosion.

Someone offered me five quid back in the day for my photos, and I thought, I can make money from this? I always like people to get excited about my work. They don’t have to be excited about me, as long as they are excited about my work.

The pictures are objects. Things you can physically touch. But ultimately, all I care about is the images. ”

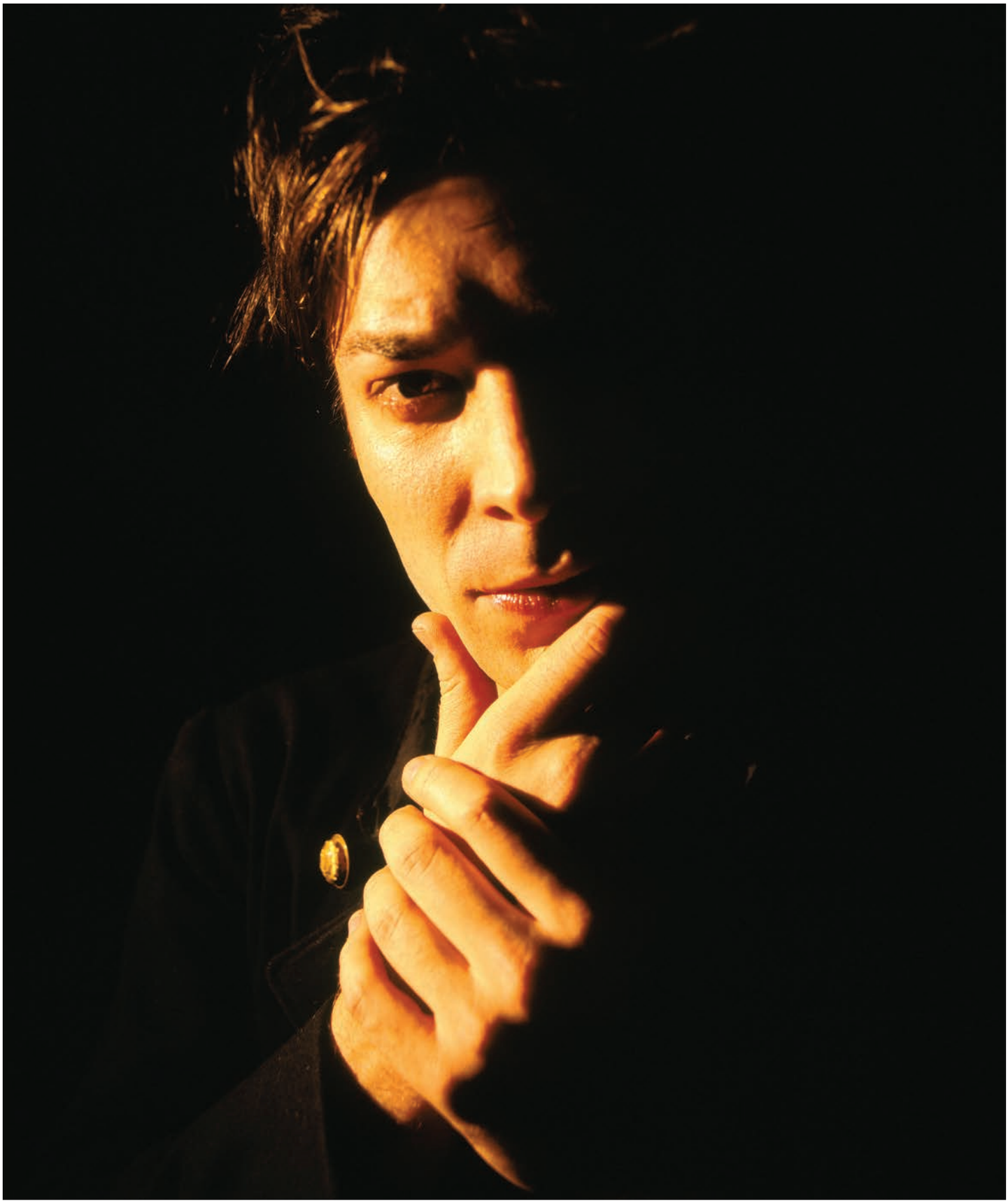
New York City, 2004. Michael Stipe of R.E.M. gives it some Bogart. A little tawdry, a tad cheap, a bit of a gangster-on-the-run feel. I reserve the right to get excited when I take pictures, and this session was totally off the scale. I want everyone to feel that flow of energy.

JUAN

(Above) The beautiful Betsey Johnson, Paris, 1983. What energy. Amazingly crazy. She sort of invented downtown girl's fashion. Forever young and forever fabulous. I took this photograph (right) for Daphne Guinness's 2018 album, *Daphne & The Golden Chord*. She says it was as if she was channelling the music from an unknown place. I think that matches the imagery we created.

THE TRIGGER

The Lizard King, formerly of Salt Lake City, now skating his way through Bristol in England. He says every day he takes a deep breath and realises that he's still going. I feel exactly the same.



I used to be the king of late night back in the day, but Jimmy Fallon (above) might have seen a bit more late nights than me. Perhaps. What a great subject, and up for anything. Another Ronson in my life: Mark Ronson (right) shot in 2015. Not related to the other Mick, but also extremely talented.

“ Without rock ’n’ roll, I would not have developed as a photographer. Music is always the thing that pumped my desire. It drew me into the flame, really. God gave us rock ’n’ roll, and I photographed it. I certainly didn’t want to shoot for the newspapers or fashion mags. Yet so many of my subjects were the very height of fashion, darling. Think about David in his Yamamoto leotard, Iggy’s silver satin trousers, Debbie’s Stephen Sprouse dresses, and all that daring make up. And so it was no surprise fashion found me, even though I wasn’t really looking to be found.

Rock on Fashion

I’ve had some amazing collaborations with everyone from Gucci to Kate Moss. Yes, I can get some great pictures on the lam, especially in the early years. Without sounding like a git, it’s easy for me to take good pictures and shoot without thinking too hard about it. And of course, with smartphones, everyone’s a photographer now. But I also like to choreograph, and that works for fashion. I like to think it works two ways: some of my rock photographs, the ones I call my Mona Lisas, have influenced fashion imagery as well. After all, creative interchange is what unites all manner of artists. And it’s good to be in fashion, isn’t it? ”

The Gucci Roman Rhapsody campaign for the Cruise 2018 collection was a wonderful thing to turn my eye to. A huge cast of real people in real places, like Lucrezia Valia (previous page) and Miriam Leone (above), shot in their homes and gardens in Rome. The clothes were so fabulous, colourful, and interesting. It was cool to see such a diverse range of ages and faces in those threads.

Shot for a Ray Ban Wayfarer Uncut campaign in 2006. Brandon Flowers of The Killers, shot in NYC. He looks like a baby-faced killer.

You just can't have rock 'n' roll without sunglasses. Maybe in London you don't need to wear them so much, but hey—that's why you do, as evidenced by Bobby Gillespie of Primal Scream in 2006 (left). The Eagles of Death Metal (above) also rock the Ray Bans, 2006. I am partial to shades myself.

The epic John Cameron Mitchell directed, wrote, and starred in *Hedwig and the Angry Inch*. Fifty-five years of fake rock stardom—even I can't top that. We took the cubist corset shot (above) in 2018, ahead of his *Origin of Love* tour. It's incredible to think his fabulous creation has been around for twenty years. (Right) Here he is in NYC, 2011. Long may he wail.

Nile Rodgers (left) shot at his home in Westport, Connecticut in 2019. We had a cool chat about convergence in rock 'n' roll. We both love to look through an artistic lens and shape things. (Above) Where would I be without this little rocker? My Nathalie, in a dress from Trash and Vaudeville, all shook up.

(Above) Milena taking a bite of the mirror balls. These mean streets still inspire me. Patrick Carney and Dan Auerbach of The Black Keys (right), shot in 2010. Straight outta Akron. Straight ahead and back-to-basics music. Plus, how can I not love a band who had an album called *Let's Rock*?

EXIT

(Left) Bradford Cox of Deerhunter and Atlas Sound. We set up this shot for the documentary, *SHOT!*, in 2016, to illustrate an acid flashback. Bradford is an incredible artist and embraces that alien, androgynous aesthetic. (Above) Anton Newcombe of The Brian Jonestown Massacre. He was kicking smack that day and not so sure about the angel wings, but I really liked them. I was clean by then and certainly knew what he was up to, but it didn't bother me. Drugs are always around.

Jesse Malin, Niagara Bar in New York, 2019. My dear friend Jesse Malin. A great musician and club-bar owner, and a true New York gentleman.

Riley Keough, New York, 2008. A beautiful soul inside and out. Genetically blessed with her grandfather's fabulous bone structure, she was an absolute pleasure to shoot.

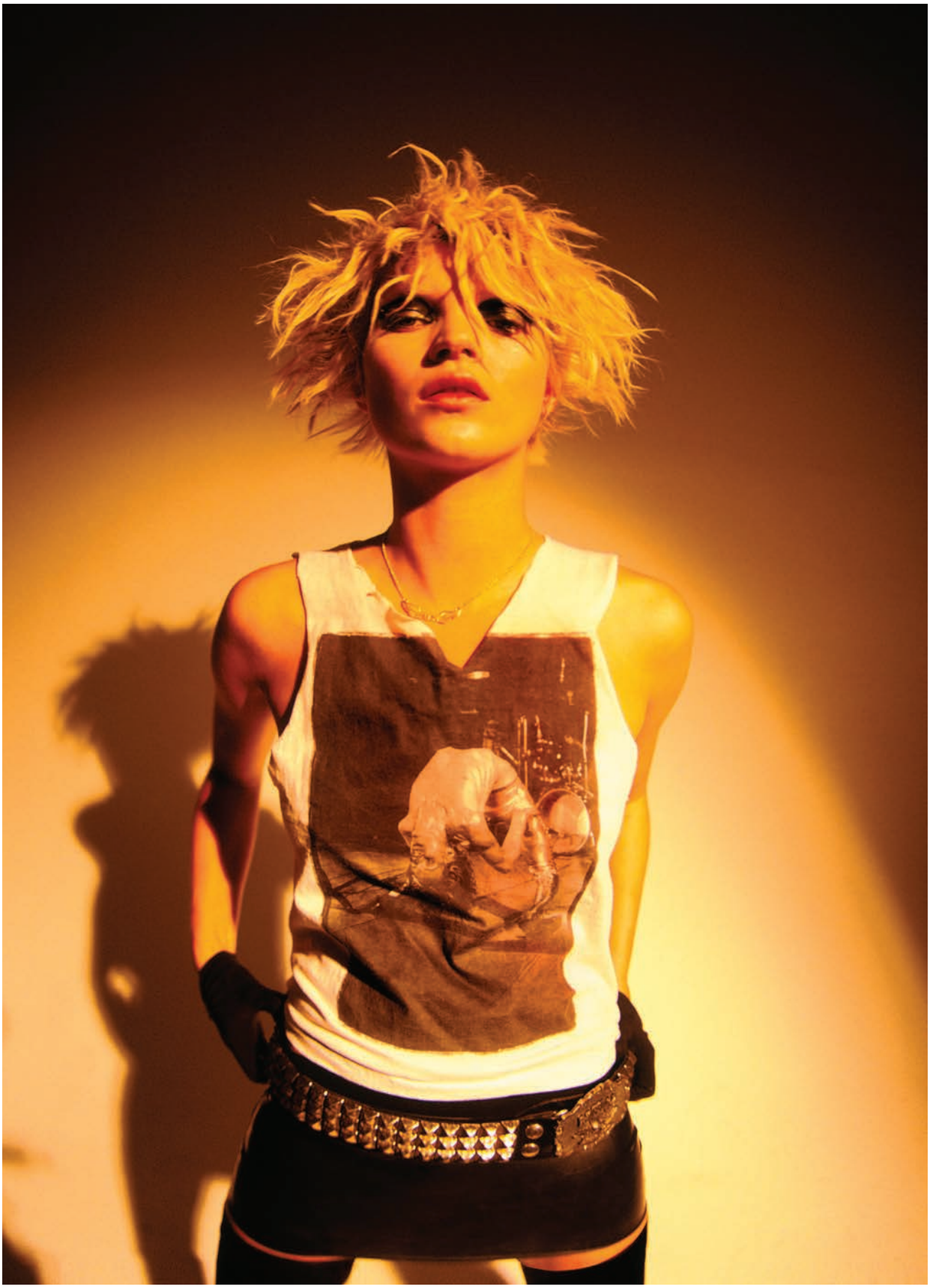
“ The ultimate agent provocateur. The photos we took together were so totally rock ’n’ roll, and I hope truer to the real spirit of Ms. Moss than anything. I initially met Kate through Keith Richards’s son Marlon. Straight away we agreed it was essential that we do a shoot. I remember her saying she loved my pictures of Debbie Harry. So we met up in New York in 2002.

Kate arrived a couple of hours late—ok, four—but was very easy to direct, cooperative and professional. You might say she was a supermodel. She responds so well and is obviously photogenic. It was rather a legendary

Rock on Kate

collision. We shot for ages, with a variety of lighting setups. I used a flash and photoflood to create some shadows. The pictures are pretty cool, and very rock.

There are loads of beautiful women in the world, but Kate has that other thing that counts in the end. She’s unpretentious and very like one of the boys. A little raver We were joking about the old days, and I was asking if she could have kept up with me. She replied that she’d stayed up for four days with Keith Richards. I don’t think I could have done that, you know! A lively spirit, and she seemed to be always laughing. Nice Lou Reed t-shirt, too. ”



(Above) Kate wearing Iggy in 2002. The ultimate pair of smart blondes, really. At the top of her game for years. She's running a talent agency, among other things, with her eyes on the future. (Right) Kate in pasties, also 2002. She's wearing the studded belt that Lou Reed wore for the *Rock 'n' Roll Animal* cover. He gave it to me at some point. The attitude she's wearing is all her own.

MILK

(Left) Pharrell Williams, 2008 in NYC for a Playboy shoot. An amazing talent and a dapper gent who knows (like I do) the power of a great pair of glasses, or in my case, sunglasses.
(Above) Queens of the Stone Age in 2007. Josh Homme once said his first Iggy record was *Raw Power*, which he picked in part for its cover. It scared and excited him in equal measures.

My very talented mate Father John Misty (above) in 2007. Fabulous lyrics. We had such a laugh on the shoot, as you can see in the doco. (Right) An angel in disguise: Lana Del Rey in a 2018 L'OFFICIEL USA magazine shoot. Her songs feel a bit like little treasures to understand and explore.

(Above) The icon that is Lady Gaga, not giving a fork with Bono in 2009 at The Spotted Pig in NYC. (Right) I shot her in the bathtub at Spotlight Studios in 2008, before she was very well known. Sultry and decadent, bold and brazen. I threatened to show these pictures to her mother.

“ The Yeah Yeah Yeahs are one of the most significant modern rock acts to come out. Karen is a fabulous frontwoman—she calls herself an extroverted, unabashed party-in-a-bag, which says it all, really. Music is her relief and release. Without it, she says she'd be in trouble. But offstage, she's kind of reserved, very thoughtful, and altogether lovely.

Karen says that she felt like pretty hot shit to do one of the first legit YYYs shoots with me back in 2003. She was kind enough to say that a photoshoot with me was a bit like an escalator into the stratosphere of the

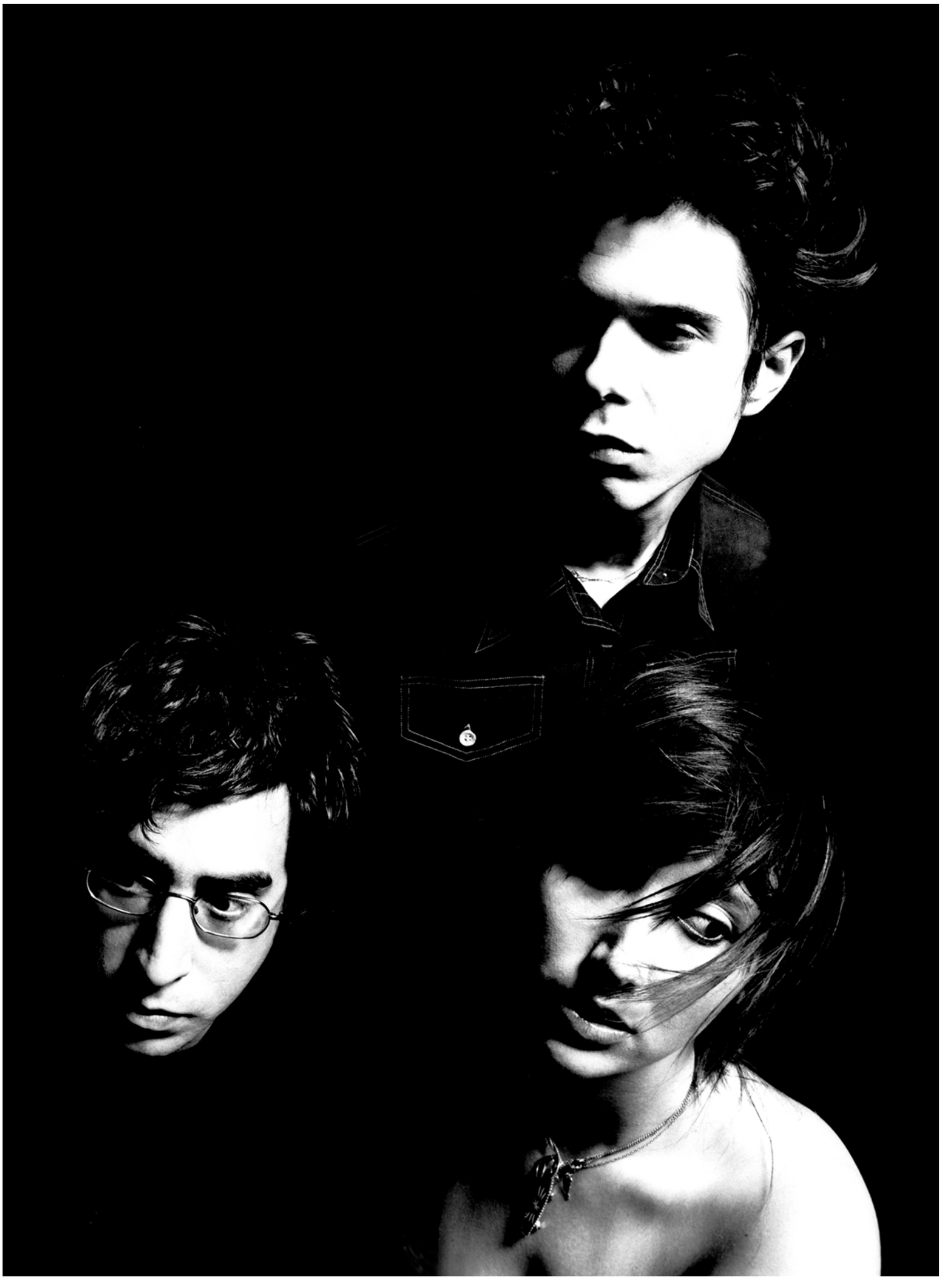
Rock on Karen

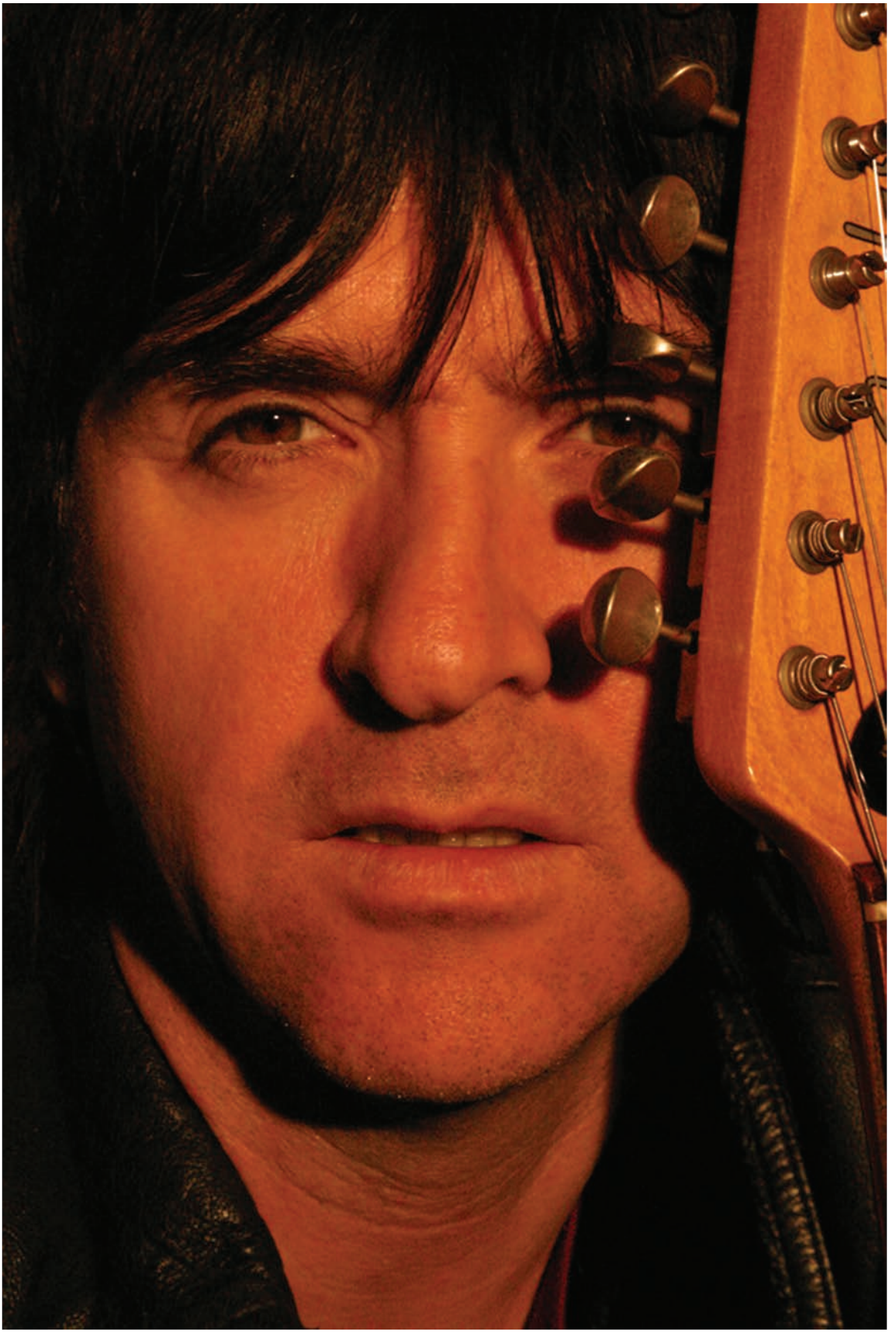
rock gods. She's got a huge red Lou image from *Transformer* in her house, which is cool to know.

Barnaby Clay, Karen's husband, directed my documentary, and of course Karen had to be a part of it. Being married to Karen, Barnaby gets it. He knows rock 'n' roll can be a magical and strange world that sucks you in (and sometimes spits you out).

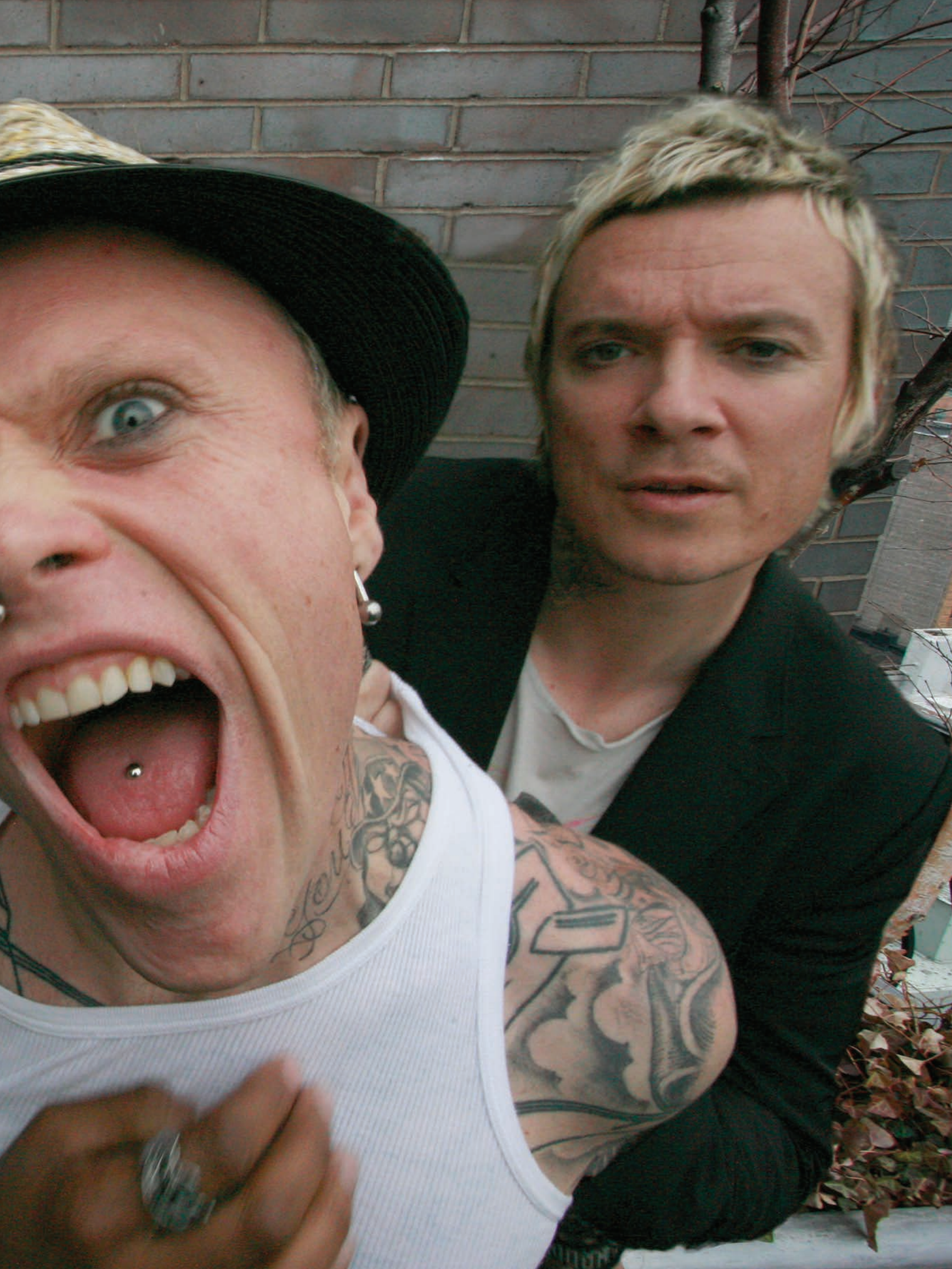
The YYYs got together after a bit of a hiatus in 2016 to play at the afterparty in NYC for the premiere of the *SHOT!* documentary. What a gig! Karen, Nick, Brian, and New York's finest covered Bowie, Lou, Iggy, and the Ramones. It was a total trip for me. Yeah, yeah, yeah. ”

(Above) Karen O in 2006. She called her early self a bratty, complicated, angsty kid. Karen found herself onstage—she always tried to channel Lou. (Right) A 2003 pic of Karen, Nick Zinner, and Brian Chase in NYC.





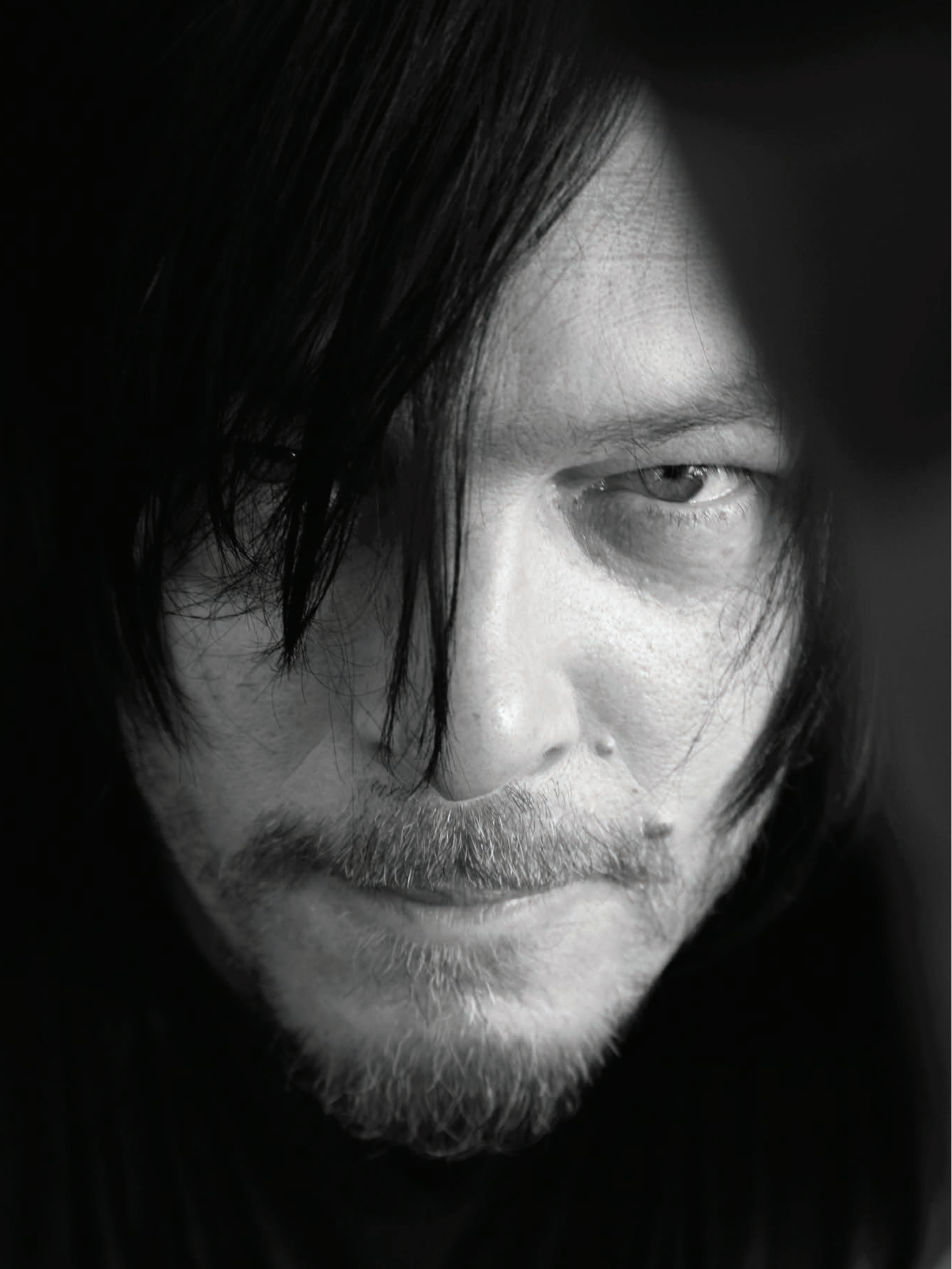
(Left) Richard Ashcroft of The Verve shot in 2005. He had a little kerfuffle with that other Mick, but no bitterness with me. Sweet! (Above) Guitar god Johnny Marr of The Smiths in 2005. He knows how important image is—he says contrivance is very unattractive, but the sense of knowing is great. True words from an amazing man.



(240-241) Twisted firestarters The Prodigy shot on a Soho rooftop for a magazine cover in 2009. (Above) The legendary Daft Punk hope to get lucky in Las Vegas of all places, 2010. (Right) Another helmeted hero, Deadmau5, ready to give it some big ear candy in 2010.

HEAVEN
IS
ROCK
AND
ROLL
21

(Left) Jack Black in 2020. Maybe I should have taught at the School of Rock—my mum always wanted me to have a proper job, like being a lecturer. But Jack did good work. And heaven is rock 'n' roll. (Above) CeeLo Green, that soul machine, in Los Angeles, 2010. I'd raise a glass to his superb voice anytime, even though mine's a coffee these days.



(246-247) Lenny Kravitz in NY, December 2019. He makes his guitar scream, but he's actually very quiet and polite, and I wanted to show that side. Norman Reedus **(left)** in New York in 2015. Actor, painter, sculptor, photographer, etc. Utterly cool. Love his face. **(Above)** Norman channels the rhinestone cowboy in the big city.

Mister Nasir Jones, or Nas (above) in 2008, New York City. Always provocative and a fascinating subject. I did a session with Snoop Dogg (right) in Los Angeles in 2009. Flew halfway around the world to shoot Snoop, and still had to snoop around for him. Great session when we got there. He was channelling Bob Marley and Hendrix. Crazy.

Shot in 2012 for V Magazine: the incredible Solange Knowles (left). This is a woman who knows what she wants and who she is, and how to create chemistry. (Above) Another master chemist. She knows how to make it between us, anyway. Love the body paint.

“And now for a different kind of glam rock: kabuki. It’s traditional musical theatre that’s been famous in Japan since the early 17th century. Translated, the name means “the art of song and dance,” but that is only the first thing to know. The costumes are wild, the make-up is amazing, the movements very stylised, and the music is certainly unique. Is that ringing any bells? Strange clothes, inventive hairstyles, extreme behaviour. Throw in a bit of gender mixing, with “onnagata” actors—men playing women. Flying across the stage. Sex, drugs, murder, betrayal. Very rock ’n’ roll.

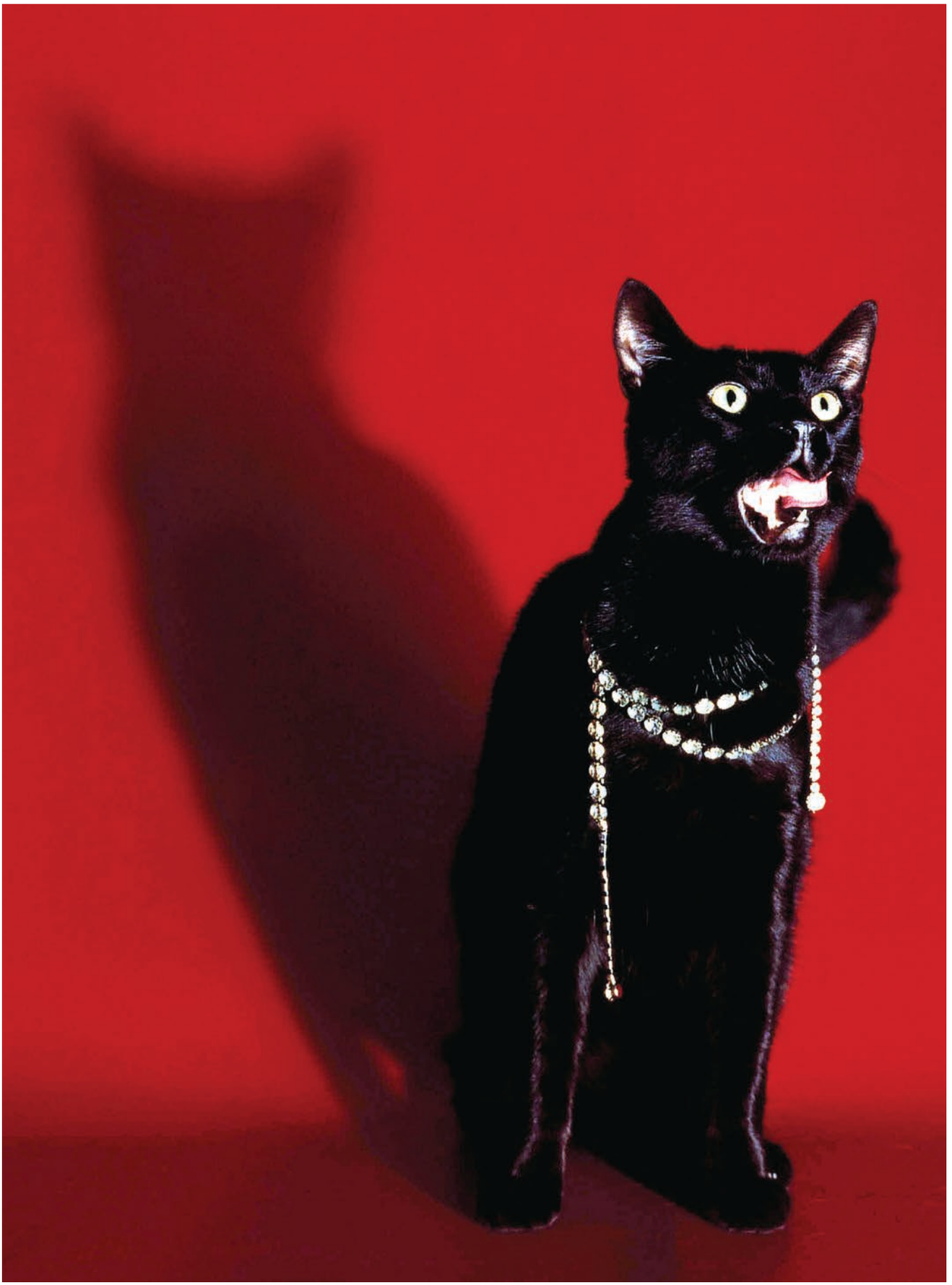
Rock on Kabuki

Bowie was completely hooked, of course. Lindsay Kemp tutored him in mime and turned us both onto kabuki and noh. We were proper Japanophiles. We adored all the dressing up and the themes, and as Ziggy, he had screwed-up eyes and a screwed-down hairdo like some cat from Japan. And a lightning bolt across his Ziggy face. His Japanese fashions by Kansai Yamamoto and kabuki-style makeup went beyond nationality and gender.

In 2007, I did a book and an exhibition with my friend Kanzaburo Nakamura, the great kabuki master. It all still resonates with me. Always ready to go back. ”

(Left) Kanzaburo was one of the world's most famous Kabuki performers. The makeup is just phenomenal. Kumadori for villains and heroes, and standard kasha for everyone else. (Above) Backstage, getting ready. A little bit calmer than Mötley Crüe, perhaps, but a spectacle nonetheless.

(Above) Kanzaburo started on the stage at three, and his grandfathers and their fathers were kabuki actors. (Right) The makeup in kabuki is just amazing, and the colors and lines create a character's personality. I might have thrown on some sunglasses and a scarf, but it's perfect as it is.



(Left) This is Janelle Monáe in Los Angeles, 2010. She's been described as a pop android, never conforming to what's expected of the way she looks or sounds. And she does it with style. Just like Spike the cat (above), giving it some cool cat vibes.

(Left) Stevie Van Zandt, in 2005, is part of the tapestry of rock. I mean, Little Richard officiated at his wedding. Also, he knows a thing or two about scarves, like me. (Above) The insanely magnetic Benicio Del Toro shot in 2020. He says there is nothing like going out with your boots on. I have to agree.

“ Ms. Miley. It was in the air for us, really. I knew one of her producers since he was young, and she had just done a track with Joan Jett and a Blondie cover. So, it was inevitable, the connections between my then and my now. We absorb, you see.

So her team phoned me up one day to say they were in town and wanted to do an album cover. We went to this amazing place my friend owns and got on with it. She was wonderful to shoot and very easy to photograph. And you know, she has that duality, like David. He was a complete boy, and you could not disagree, especially

Rock on Miley

if you knew him like I did. She’s really a girl, but she is a complete tomboy, too, which is totally fabulous. David would have loved her. She loves Debbie and David, so in a lovely way, it comes full circle again.

I responded straight away to her imagery. Does she have to stick her tongue out? And did I ask her to? No. And she knows that so many male rockers think they own that. Just flip through the book. Miley makes everything she does hers. She licks it, and claims it.

Miley has worked really hard to be distinctive. She did not want the masses to be consumed by what she was before. She wants to be Miley. Fantastic. ”

Miley in 2020, for the *Plastic Hearts* cover shoot. I responded to her imagery. She owns what she does, and does it very well. Miley's not someone who has to think about her image too much—she's definitely an agent provocateur, with talent to match.

ROCK

Savannah Knoop (left) dressed as J. T. LeRoy in 2008. An unbelievable story—hair-raising even—and a cool picture. (Above) Kabuki the cat gives a hair-raising yowl.

A Note from the Publisher

For the best part of 2021, we enjoyed collaborating closely with Mick on the creation of this book. It was a tremendous privilege and immense pleasure to spend time with not only such a legendary artist but also such a warm, witty, and lovely man. As well as providing the words and carefully selecting the photographs from his amazingly rich body of work, Mick consulted on all aspects of *SHOT*!'s design and production. Tragically, Mick is not here to witness the book's publication, but we find solace in the fact that he was able to guide this book, which was of such significance to him, to completion. Out of respect for Mick, we have not modified the book from the one that he envisioned as a reflection of his prolific and influential career "in all of its eccentricities." We miss Mick enormously, but take comfort that we can share *SHOT!* with the world as a tribute to the man—a true rock and roll original in his own right. We humbly dedicate this book to his beloved family, and to the many friends he made across the globe during his magnificent life and career. We are all blessed to have known you, Mick. Rock on forever.

Mick Rock
November 21, 1948 – November 18, 2021

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Index

A
Amos, Tori, 172
Ashcroft, Richard, 238
Auerbach, Dan, 219

B
Barrett, Syd, 13, 23, 25, 26–27, 28–29, 30, 31, 32–33
Beck, Jeff, 144
Berry, Chuck, 121
Black, Jack, 244
Black Keys, The, 219
Bowie, David, 2–3, 13, 14–15, 38–39, 41, 42–43, 44–45, 46–47, 48, 49, 50–51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56–57, 176, 180, 270

C
Cale, John, 72–73
Campbell, Nell, 123
Carney, Patrick, 219
Chase, Brian, 237
Collins, Phil, 61
Cox, Bradford, 220
Curry, Tim, 123, 124–125, 126, 127
Cyrus, Miley, 13, 265, 266, 267

D
Daft Punk, 242
Deacon, John, 138–139, 140–141
Dead Boys, 90
Deadmau5, 243

E
Eagles of Death Metal, 213
Eno, Brian, 106

F
Faithfull, Marianne, 131
Fallon, Jimmy, 206
Farrell, Perry, 170
Father John Misty, 230
Ferry, Bryan, 146–147, 148
Flowers, Brandon, 211
Fotomaker, 69

G
Gabriel, Peter, 36, 37
Gallagher, Rory, 35
Garcia, Jerry, 68
Gillespie, Bobby, 212
Green, CeeLo, 245
Grohl, Dave, 153, 171
Gucci, 209, 210
Guinness, Daphne, 203

H
Hall and Oates, 160
Harry, Debbie, 4–5, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119
Hunter, Ian, 60

I
Iggy Pop, 13, 14–15, 38–39, 93, 94–95, 96, 97, 98–99, 100, 101, 102, 103

J
Jagger, Mick, 83, 142–143
Janelle Monáe, 260
Jennings, Waylon, 113
Jett, Joan, 13, 157, 158, 159
Johnny Rotten, 86
Johnson, Betsey, 202
Johnson, Brian, 64

K
Kemp, Lindsay, 107, 108, 109, 182
Keough, Riley, 223
Knoop, Savannah, 268
Knowles, Solange, 252
Kravitz, Lenny, 246–247

L
Labelle, Patti, 66
Lady Gaga, 13, 232, 233
Ladybirds, 128
Lana Del Rey, 199, 231
Lee, Tommy, 150–151, 163, 164
Leone, Miriam, 210
Lizard King, The, 204, 205
Lynott, Phil, 62, 63

M
Madonna, 160
Malin, Jesse, 222
Maria, Tania, 173
Marley, Bob, 120
Marley, Ziggy, 13
Marr, Johnny, 239
May, Brian, 134–135, 138–139, 140–141
Mercury, Freddie, 13, 133, 134–135, 136, 137, 138–139, 140–141, 181
Mick Mars, 150–151, 163, 164
Mitchell, John Cameron, 214, 215
Moss, Kate, 13, 183, 225, 226, 227
Mötley Crüe, 150–151, 163, 164

N
Nakamura, Kanzaburo, 255, 256, 257, 258
Nas, 250
Neil, Vince, 150–151, 163, 164
Newcombe, Anton, 221
Nikki Sixx, 150–151, 163, 164, 165

O
O, Karen, 235, 236, 237
Osbourne, Ozzy, 66

P
Parton, Dolly, 112
Pickett, Wilson, 185
PinkEye, 166, 167
Pointer Sisters, The, 111–112
Prodigy, The, 240–241

Q
Queen, 140, 141, 142–143, 181
Queens of the Stone Age, 229
Quinn, Patricia, 123

R
Ramones, 91
Reed, Lou, 13, 14–15, 17, 38–39, 71, 72–73, 74, 75, 76–77, 78, 79, 80–81, 104, 177, 270
Reedus, Norman, 9, 13, 248, 249
Richards, Keith, 145
Rock, Mick, 10, 13, 23
Rock, Nathalie, 217
Rock, Pati, 155, 168–169, 253, 272
Rocky Horror Picture Show, The, 123, 124–125, 126, 127
Rodgers, Nile, 216
Ronnie Spector, 129
Ronson, Mark, 207
Ronson, Mick, 52, 56–57, 58–59
Rotten, Johnny, 86, 87

S
Sex Pistols, 87
Simon, Carly, 130
Siouxsie Sioux, 154
Slater, Nelson, 104
Smutty Smiff, 88, 89
Snoop Dogg, 196–197, 251
Spector, Ronnie, 129
Stein, Chris, 118
Steve Harley and Cockney Rebel, 34
Steward, Rod, 144
Stipe, Michael, 200, 201
Strapps, 105

T
Talking Heads, 149
Taylor, Roger, 138–139, 140–141
Thin Lizzy, 63
Toro, Benicio del, 263
Turner, Tina, 67

V
Valia, Lucrezia, 209

W
Waller, Micky, 144
Warhol, Andy, 80–81, 82, 83, 84–85
Webb, Jimmy, 187
Williams, Pharrell, 228
Williams, Wendy O., 186
Winter, Johnny, 184
Wood, Ronnie, 144

Y
Yeah, Yeah, Yeahs, 237

Z
Zandt, Stevie Van, 262
Zinner, Nick, 237

(Left) This was after the final Ziggy gig at Hammersmith Odeon in 1973. David's not actually kissing him. He's talking into Lou's ear and Lou's talking into his. But it was near enough to a kiss for the press. Let's just kiss and say goodbye for now.

The golden orb: The light of my life. The end of the story so far. Lights out.